

The Cruise of the
... Kaiserin ...

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The Cruise of The Kaiserin

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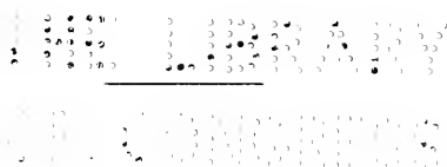
T. T. EATON, D.D., LL.D.

WITH

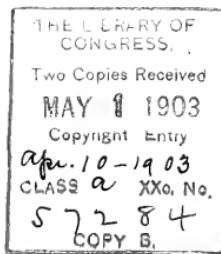
Poetical Narrative

BY

MARTIN LUTHER BERGER, D. D.



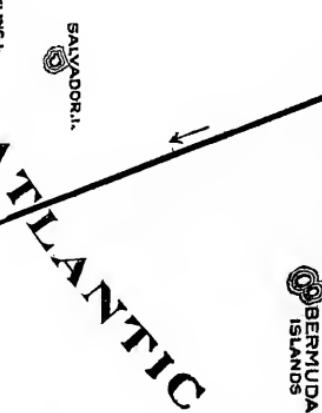
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GULF OF MEXICO



PREFACE.

This volume was undertaken in accordance with the expressed wish of a large number of the tourists on board the Kaiserin. The poem by Dr. Berger was written for the pleasure of his children, grand children and special friends, and not with any thought of publication. It was so much enjoyed by those who heard it read on board, however, that there was a general demand for its publication. The illustrations are from photographs taken on the spots, and for these special acknowledgement is due to Mr. S. L. Schumo and Mr. J. C. Stephenson. The notes I have added are designed to cover the chief points of interest connected with the places visited, so as to make the book as valuable as practicable. It is hoped it will be of interest both to the tourists with their friends and to others who may be willing to look at these wonderful islands through our eyes.



FORT DE FRANCE.

s Our Start. s

We were from twenty-seven states and represented various callings and walks of life. All going on the same errand and to the same destination, we had little trouble in establishing good fellowship, and some who met as strangers parted as good friends.

The voyage was remarkably smooth, though the motion of the ship was enough the first day at sea to upset some who were peculiarly susceptible to the *mal de mer*, and there were some significantly vacant places at the table.

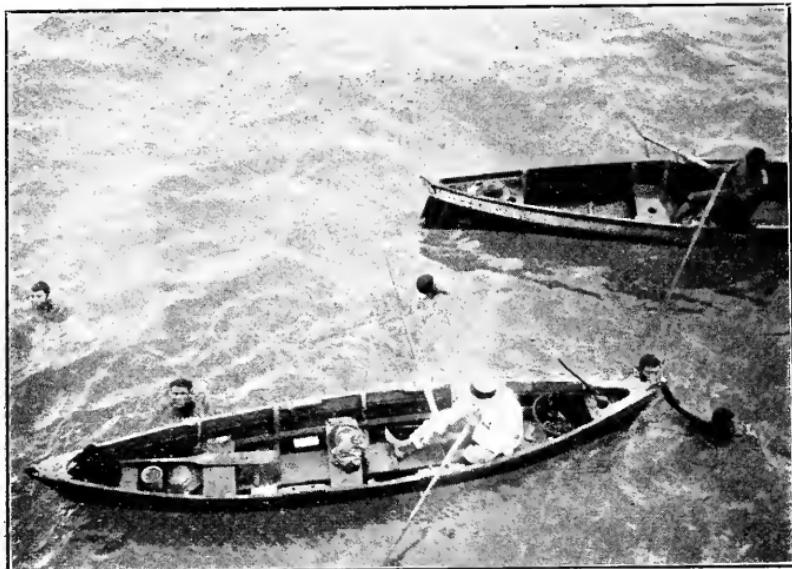
By the second day it was evident that we were going into a milder clime and wraps were laid aside. By the third day the patches of bright sargossa, or gulf weed, growing on the surface of the sea, told us we were drawing near the tropics, and the flying fish confirmed the story. It was surprising how long these little creatures could stay above the water. Some of the flights we witnessed must have covered one thousand feet. To our right lay the "sea of sargossa" in which ships of the old style sometimes got fouled by the thick growth of this strange water plant.

On Sunday we had worship on deck, and the writer had the pleasure of preaching to a most attentive congregation on faith. Drs. Berger and Compton took part. The smooth sea, the bright sunshine, the deep and rich blue of the water, the flying fish and our thoughts of reaching our first landing place next morn-

ing, occupied our minds as we sat on deck through the day.

Dr. C. J. Fletcher told us Saturday night about the islands we would visit and exhibited to us pictures of the scenes we would witness. He did this twice afterwards, and in the three lectures covered the entire trip.

Monday morning we are out early and land is in



DIVERS.

sight. It is Porto Rico, our new possession. Why do we not land there? has been asked over and over again. And the answer has been made, over and over again, that the United States do not allow foreign vessels to carry passengers from one American port to another, and since we sailed from New York, and Porto Rico now belongs to us, we cannot land from a German ship. The island is beautiful and is like an emerald in

a sea of safphire. The hills are, however, not so heavily wooded as we supposed. Yonder in front is Ship Rock, a little island of rock in shape so like an old ship of the line in full sail, that a French commander once mistook it for an enemy's vessel and fired a broadside at it. To our left is the island of St. Thomas, and here we come into the harbor of Charlotte Amalie.

ST. THOMAS.

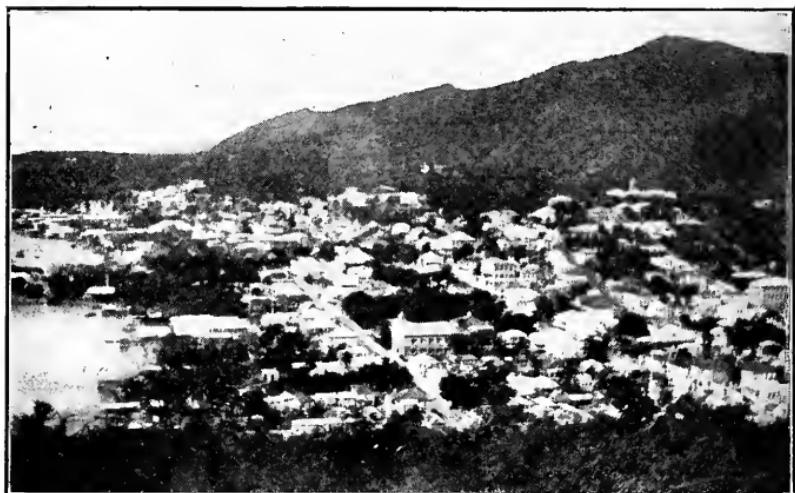
This is one of the Virgin Islands, so named by Columbus because he discovered them on St. Ursula's day. St. Ursula, the story goes, in her piety started with 11,000 other virgins on a pilgrimage to Rome, and they were all murdered near Cologne. In that city there is a church whose walls are hollow and filled with bones which, the tourist is told, are the bones of these 11,000 virgins.

St. Thomas belongs to Denmark. It was bought by Secretary Seward for the United States for \$5,000,000, but the United States Senate refused to ratify the purchase. Negotiations are again pending, and the result will depend largely on the decision of a commission soon to be sent to these islands from Copenhagen. The island is thirteen miles long and three miles wide, containing thirty-three square miles, and has a population of 14,500, of whom there are 3,000 more females than males, and the large majority are Negroes, as is true in nearly all these islands.

Columbus landed here in 1493, and in 1657 the Dutch planted a colony, and they have held possession

ever since. The neutrality of Denmark in the wars made Charlotte Amalie an important point, and in our American war it was a resort of blockade runners. The city has 10,000 population.

On anchoring we are greeted with cries from men in boats calling to us to throw coins into the water. When a coin is thrown in they dive for it and almost invariably get it. The water is clear and the diver's



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS.

movements under the water can be plainly seen. Sometimes when two or three dive for the same coin there is a lively submarine struggle. The diver's mouth is his pocket. We tried to fill one's mouth with copper coin, but after he had put away fourteen thus the conclusion was that he swallowed them, and we desisted.

The Blue Beard Castle and the Black Beard Castle are interesting relics of former grandeur. It must be remembered that these islands were settled a century

before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, or Jamestown was settled. On the side of a hill is the building where Gen. Santa Anna lived while in exile from Mexico.

The English language predominates, though Danish is the official tongue. Amid the luxuriant tropical growths there is withal an air of decay and departed grandeur. The Russian Consul's garden presents a fine display of trees and shrubs, and is specially rich in crotos. Here we eat our first cocoanuts, and learn how to eat them. We take the green fruit as it comes from the tree, cut off the end and pour out the liquid into glasses. What we know as cocoanut meat is not yet formed, but it is all liquid, making a refreshing drink. Thus we get the real "milk of the cocoanut."

There is a soft sleepy air over the island and the people, which prevails over all the West Indies, and one thinks what a place for the *dolce far niente*. The people present a great variety of race and color, though Negroes predominate. Trollope described the city as "a niggery Hispano, Dano, Yankee Doodle sort of place, with a flavor of Sherry cobbler."

ST. KITTS (Christopher.)

Columbus thought the two mountains on this island resembled the saint bearing the infant Christ, and so called it St. Christopher. It is a British crown colony, with Basse Terre—7,000 population—as capital. Mt. Misery, in the distance, rises 4,100 feet, and wild monkeys are found there. There are wild dogs on the island of Barbuda, also British. The island is twenty-

three miles long and five miles wide, containing sixty-three square miles. Here we find sugar plantations. This was once a source of great revenue, but the industrial system has never recovered from emancipation,



"UNCLE REMUS," ST. THOMAS.

and, between that and the low price of sugar, depression has followed. Land that once brought \$1,000 an acre is now given up to jungle. Butterflies abound of great variety, some of them gorgeous. One sort carry an electric light on each shoulder. The males migrate

by millions Southward and never return. What becomes of them is a mystery. The females never migrate. There are many sorts of humming birds which flit about like winged jewels.

The Botanical Garden presents a fine assortment of strange trees and flowers. The cocoanut, the traveler's palm, the ceiba, the breadfruit, the nutmeg, the pepper tree, the almond, &c., &c. Many of the party learn for the first time that mace grows on the outside of the nutmegs. The people call themselves Kittiebonians, and there are in the island some 30,000 of them, mostly black. This is the mother colony of the Caribees, because here were the first English and French settlements, from which the other islands were settled. In 1690 the English expelled the French. We can never forget the kindness shown our party by Dr. Haven, the American consul, and his accomplished wife. It was an elegant reception they gave us in the Government house, kindly furnished by the officials for the purpose, and for which our company returned formal thanks.

NEVIS.

A narrow channel (two miles at the narrowest point) divides Nevis from St. Kitts, with which it forms one British presidency. Here our great American statesman, Alexander Hamilton, was born. Here, too, Admiral Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafagar, wooed and won the beautiful Mrs. Nesbitt, whom he afterward shamefully abandoned for Lady Hamilton. Columbus

called the island Nievis in honor of "Our Lady of the Snow," but it soon became, on English tongues, "Nevis." The population is between 13,000 and 14,000, of whom nearly all are Negroes. Charlestown, the capital, was once a famous place, and here gathered the wealth and fashion of all these islands. The ruins of an immense hotel near the sulphur baths, tell the



COCOANUT PALM.

story of departed glory. There is general decay visible everywhere.

MONTSERRAT.

In sight of Nevis to the Southeast is the interesting island of Montserrat, settled by Irish, and where all the people, including the Negroes, have the Irish brogue.

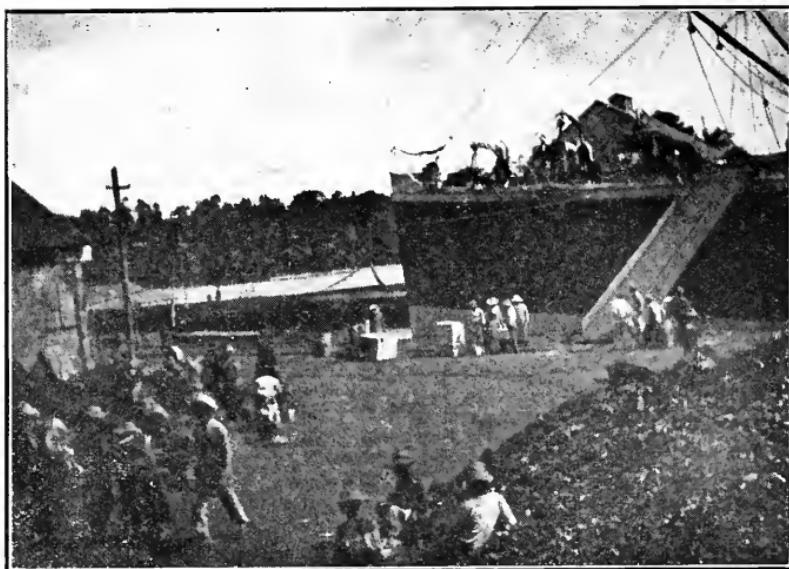
Columbus named the island in 1493, in honor of a mountain in Spain. It has 12,000 population. It is the only Irish island. A Negro from this island once spoke to an Irishman at St. Kitts, the story goes, and noticing the brogue, Pat asked in surprise, "And how long have yer been here?" The answer was, "Thray months." "Thray months!" shouted Pat, "and *that* black already! Be the powers, I'll not stay amongst yez!"

ANTIGUA.

Named by Columbus after "St. Mary of Antigua of Seville," this island lost all its name but the center, and that is enough. It is the chief of the Leeward group, and was long regarded as the most valuable of the British possessions in the Lesser Antilles. It was the headquarters of the British admiralty during the wars with France and is now the headquarters of this group. The Governor resides here. There are 36,000 population, of whom only some 2,000 are white. The island, 108 square miles, and is owned by sixty people. The capital, St. Johns, is a clean town with good roads in different directions. Here are extensive quarters prepared for Boer prisoners who did not come. Here is a leper colony, larger than the one at St. Kitts, for that foul disease infects these beautiful islands. The men and the women are put in separate camps.

Out from the capital, and even in its borders, the people live in thatched cottages and in very simple style. They are very superstitious. For example, they believe that jumbi (evil spirits) live in the silk cotton

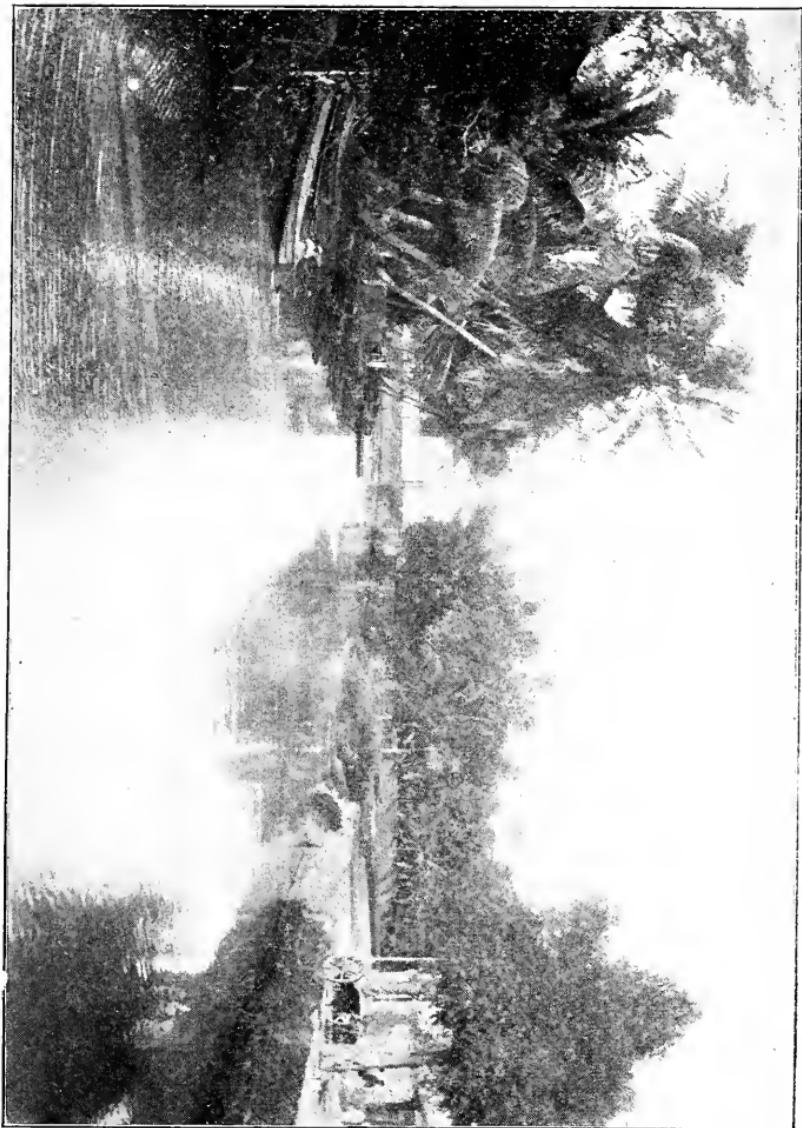
(ceiba) trees, and bring bad luck to their victims. Various incantations and other means are used to propitiate these horrid jumbi. There is a medium sized bean, red and black, which grows on the mountain sides and which is supposed to protect its possessor from the evil power of the jumbi, and so it is called the "jumbi bean." Among the people of all these islands



WOMEN COALING SHIP.

comparatively little respect is paid to marriage. The women do most of the hard work, coal ships, carry produce to market, &c., &c., and they dismiss their husbands (?) at pleasure. They are large and strong, as a rule. This does not apply to the Europeans, but to the blacks and to those of mixed blood.

From Antigua we sail by Guadalupe, a French island, the largest of the Caribees, 600 square miles



RIVER AT FORT DE FRANCE.

and 167,000 population, including its dependencies. This island has fourteen extinct volcanoes. We also sail past Dominica where there is a colony of Caribs, the great tribe of Indians who gave their name to the Caribbean Sea. Columbus called this place Dominica because he discovered it on Sunday. It has 290 square miles and 27,000 population.

MARTINIQUE.

Here the gaze of the world has been fixed since May 8, 1902, when Mt. Pelee did its deadly work, and destroyed the beautiful city of St. Pierre, the largest and most prosperous city in all these islands—35,000 population. Prof. Heilprin says the entire population were killed in the space of two minutes. In the annals of ghastliness St. Pierre surpasses Pompeii and Herculaneum. These islands are all volcanic. They are the tops of a volcanic range that has been submerged. Counting from the top to the bottom of the slope here are the highest mountains in America. The slope goes on to the bottom of the sea. The deepest place in the Atlantic Ocean is a little North of Porto Rico, where there is a depth of 4,500 fathoms. This range of submerged—or largely submerged—mountains, is entirely different from the ranges of North and South America. The highest point is in San Domingo, where there is an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea. And the slope goes down from the shore to a depth of 18,000 feet more, making a mountain, in all, 30,000 feet high. Mt. Ever-

est, reckoned the highest mountain in the world, rises to an elevation of only 29,002 feet.

Martinique is the favorite colony of France. It has 381 square miles, and, before the disaster, had 187,000 population. It has a senator and two deputies in the National Assembly in Paris. Here is the home, along with Dominica, of the dreaded fer-de-lance, the dead-



BASSE TERRE, ST. KITTS.

liest of all snakes. It is three to four feet long, and of a reddish brown color. On some of the islands this reptile has been exterminated by the mongoose, specially introduced for the purpose, but not here. Forests abound and the vegetable growth is most luxuriant. The people are largely of mixed blood, the Negro race predominating, though not to the extent found in the

British islands. There is a large infusion of Carib blood, and to this some writers have attributed the beauty of the Martinique women. All the writers from Pere Labat to Prof. Hill have praised the beauty of the women of Martinique, so I was on the lookout for pretty women, and must confess I was greatly disappointed. There were only three really beautiful women who came within my horizon, in my observations on the island. One can but wonder what these writers would have written about the beauty of the women had they visited the States. Kentucky for example. We had far more beauty on board the ship than we found on shore, in all those islands. The handsomest woman we saw on St. Kitts was a lady from Chicago, the wife of the American consul.

FORT DE FRANCE.

This is the capital of Martinique (12,000 population) and the French headquarters for these islands. It is a very pretty city and presents many attractions. Here the Empress Josephine was born and reared, the home of the Le Pagerie family being off a little to the right. In the park fronting the harbor stands the splendid marble statue of Josephine, of heroic size and surrounded by royal palms, bowing their heads and tossing their crowns, as if in recognition of the beautiful empress. This statue was erected by the people of Martinique, in 1858. In front is a bronze representation of

the crowning of the Empress. On the rear is:

“Nee Le XXIII. Juin MDCCCLXIII.”

On the rear we find:

“L’An MDCCCLVIII
Napoleon III Regnant
Les Habitants de la Martinique
Out Eleve Ce Monument.
A L’Imperatrice Josephine.
Nee Dans Cette Colonie.”

On the left side is engraved:

“Mariee Le IX, Mars MDCCXCVI.”

The people regard Josephine as the patron saint of the island. Here, too, lived Madame de Maintenon, who became so famous in the salons of Paris.

On a hill back of the city is a little house where lives his sable majesty Behanzin, the deposed King of Dahomey. He is allowed to have only four of his wives, though he was allowed to select them. He stood in the door, as the visitors stood on the porch. He held a red and blue blanket about his person with his left hand, while with his right he held a long stemmed pipe which he kept puffing. To his right stood an attendant with a cuspidor to receive the royal saliva which was deposited at short intervals. His shoulders and arms were bare. On his head was a high purple cap, with gold lace and coming to a point. He wore sandals, but his feet were bare. His finger and toe nails were very long and kept very white. That was the only thing

about him that showed special care. Holding his pipe in his mouth firmly, he shook hands with us, holding his right wrist high in air with the hand inclined downward, very much like the fashionable hand-shake to-day. He has been a captive some nine years, and will probably die in captivity.

The market of Fort De France is a place of special interest. The chattering throng are mostly women,



AMERICAN CONSULATE, BASSE TERRE.

both buyers and sellers. The women bring in their products in baskets on their heads, some of them walking ten or twelve miles. If on any day the load is lighter than usual they fill in stones till the accustomed weight is reached. These women often quarrel and sometimes fight. In fighting they do not pull hair and scratch, as we would suppose, but they run their heads at each other and butt. They butt again and again until the enemy is overthrown or takes to flight.

Perhaps the most interesting sight in the market here, as well as at other points visited, is where the fish are sold. Here are fish of every variety of form and color. Bright red, bright blue, dark blue, green, yellow, mixed, etc. It was a sight worth seeing. They have curious names, too, e. g., "The good God handled me."

Fort De France was formerly Fort Royal, but with the Republic came the change of name. Columbus landed here in A. D. 1502, in July. The French settled here in 1665, and with the exception of the British possession of twenty-two years—1794 to 1816—it has been French ever since. And it is thoroughly Frenchy. There are fewer beggars here than on the other islands we had visited.

ST. PIERRE.

The desolation here beggars description. The appalling disaster of May 8, 1902, has been added to by the subsequent explosions. On August 30th the beautiful village of Morn Rouge was destroyed and 2,000 more lives sacrificed. Mt. Pelee is, or was, 4,500 feet high. It had a terrible outbreak in A. D. 1812, since which time it was quiet, and a beautiful lake occupied the crater. The city of St. Pierre was crowded with people from the surrounding region who were frightened at the explosions of Pelee and fled to the city for safety. At 8:30 A. M., May 8th, an explosion opened the side of the mountain toward St. Pierre and forming a new crater sent a heavy black cloud, shot through with fire, over the doomed city, and experts tell us the whole

population perished in two minutes. Only one man survived—Joseph Silbarace—a Negro, who was in a cell in the jail and who thus escaped though he was horribly burned. Our party were glad to see him. Everything combustible in the city was burned and the walls of the houses were more or less broken down. Then heavy ashes fell over everything. Utter desolation overspreads



SUGAR MILL, ST. KITTS.

the ruined city and it is easy in the ashes to uncover human skulls and bones of those who perished. Many such grim mementos were carried away, along with many other things. Little has been done in the way of excavating. The cemetery was less injured than the city and there was a peculiar pathos about it. Those who should be caring for these graves have themselves perished and are unsepulchred.

We were at St. Pierre from 11:30 A. M. to 9 P. M. on Friday, January 23d, and on the following Sunday morning Pelee had a terrible explosion, blowing off 800 feet of one side of the crater. While we were there, the top was covered with heavy sulphurous clouds and there were slight rumblings, though no explosion. Just the day before we reached St. Vincent, Mt. Soufriere had a fine explosion which were too late to see. We regretted missing these sights.

ST. LUCIA.

We sail by St. Lucia without landing. Here Lord Rodney destroyed the fleet of Count De Grasse, and established British supremacy in these islands, recovering what England had lost and taking more from France. It was one of the greatest sea fights in the world. It is difficult to understand how it was that Great Britain set more store by these islands than she did by the thirteen colonies on the continent, which she lost by the war of the Revolution. The British felt that the loss of the colonies was a small affair compared with their saving and securing these island possessions. The smallest one of those American colonies is now worth far more than all these islands, and the people of these islands long to come under the United States, recognizing that this is essential to their prosperity. Only the officials oppose annexation to this country. They like their positions.

ST. VINCENT.

The island of St. Vincent was discovered by Colum-

bus in A. D. 1498. It has 132 square miles and 42,000 population of whom 30,000 are Negroes. Sugar is the chief product. Mt. Soufriere, the sister of Mt. Pelee, in its recent eruption killed 8,000 people and devasted one-third of the island. There was a like eruption, both of Pelee and Soufriere, in A. D. 1812, and the two volcanoes act together. This time neither from Pelee



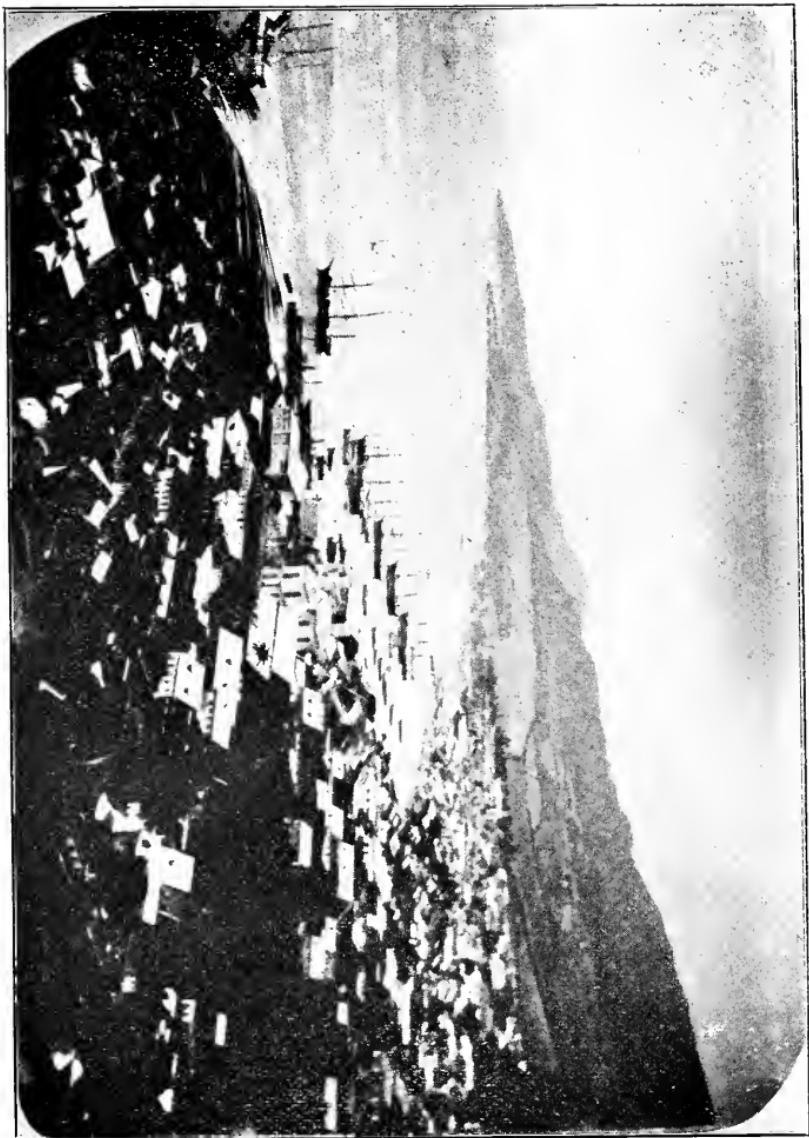
OX TEAM ON SUGAR PLANTATION.

nor from Soufriere did there come any lava, but only pumice stone and immense quantities of heavy ashes. Prof. Heilprin and others estimate that the volume of matter thrown out by Pelee is equal to one-third of the island of Martinique. What an immense cavity was thus caused in the earth, and when the walls of that cavity give way—what? We can only conjecture.

On the island there is a village of Caribs, who are

driven from their reservation "by Soufriere's rage," as Dr. Berger puts it, and who occupy fresh quarters prepared for them by the British government. This is a feeble remnant of a mighty race, that held the Spanish at bay on some of these islands for a century. They are a very interesting race, too. Though they ate their captured enemies and were brave, they were gentle to each other. There were no words of denunciation in their language except coward, and they believed that cowards after death went to a region of deserts and rugged mountains, while the brave went to an abode of happiness. A man's wife was "my heart." A boy was "a little man." Fingers were "the babes of the hand." The rainbow was "God's plume." They called themselves "Banari," which means "come from over sea." Froude says, "As to their religion, they had no objection to anything." This is quite a popular attitude toward religion in some quarters to-day. The Caribs make baskets that are much sought after.

The city of Kingstown (6,000 population) is the capital of St. Vincent, and it is a pretty and a clean place, with signs of decay all around. Beggars abound in all these islands. It is almost as bad as Southern Italy. The Botanic Garden is the finest I ever saw. Here are ninety varieties of palm trees, along with coffee, pepper, lime, nutmeg, almond, bread fruit, mahogany, satin wood, teak, ebony, chocolate, india rubber, cotton, banyan, lace bark, cannon ball trees, &c., &c. The cotton of the Southern States here, unkilled by winter, grows into a tree. This cannon ball tree is tall, and has a ball something like grape fruit, which



ST. PIERRE BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

when it ripens drops, and on striking the ground explodes violently—hence its name.

CLIMATE.

It is summer all the time, though the temperature varies with the wind and with the rain. In winter the air is moist and the heat is rendered more unpleasant.



NOAH'S ARK, ST. KITTS.

The books say it never gets very warm down here, but we found it hot—with the thermometer 96 degrees in the shade in St. Vincent. The winds modify the heat, but when they lull the heat becomes uncomfortable. One of the winds is called "the doctor." The houses are built only for warm weather, so as to let in air and keep out sun and rain. Fire is only for cooking. I asked a native, "Does it ever get cold here?" "Oh! yes!" said he, "cold come here; cold come in nose."

His only idea of cold was a cold in the head, and that has all climates for its own.

We were delightfully surprised not to be bothered with insects. Though we got meals on shore, we were not annoyed by flies. We saw no mosquitos till we reached Nassau. There must be mosquitos in these parts, however, for James Anthony Froude, who spent a winter here, tells of "mosquitos, who for blood-thirsty ferocity had a bad pre-eminence over the worst that I ever met elsewhere. . . . Bewick, with the inspiration of genius, had drawn his exact likeness as the devil."

The beautiful blue of the sea is beyond description. Froude says: "I have seen the sea of very beautiful colors in several parts of the world, but never saw any which equalled this." And Charles Kingsley, after exhausting his vocabulary of praise on the subject, says: "If the reader fancies that I exaggerate, let him go and see. Let him lie for one hour off the Rousseau at Dominica. Let him sail down the leeward side of Gaudaloupe, down the leeward side of what island he will, and judge for himself how poor and yet how tawdry my words are, compared with the luscious yet magnificent coloring of the Antilles."

The visitor is struck with the shortness of the twilight. The sun drops below the horizon, and in a very few minutes it is dark. The stars, however, shine with new brilliancy. At this season the famous constellation, the Southern Cross, can be here seen by rising at 4. A. M. This great constellation, of course, is not so bright here as farther South, where it is higher above the horizon, and can be seen through less atmosphere.

Yet even here it is worth a journey to see. The showers down here descend with surprising violence. A harmless looking cloud comes along, and you think that shower not worth avoiding, but when it strikes you it seems "as if the bottom of the heavenly hogshead had been knocked out," as a Boston man expressed it.



BRIDGE OF VINES, ST. KITTS

BARBADOS.

Our itinerary included Barbados, but we did not land there because the small pox was raging, and had we landed the other points we wished to visit would have quarantined against us. On this island the struggle for existence has reached its highest point. All the available land is under cultivation, and wages are at the lowest point. There are 186,000 people on the

island, or 1,120 to the square mile. The capital, Bridgetown, is the headquarters of the Royal Mail (British) steamship line. The blacks outnumber the whites 8 to 1. To this island is the only foreign voyage George Washington ever took, and here he had small pox. Here is the only statue of Oliver Cromwell in the British Empire. It is curious that the statue of Lord Nelson should be painted pea green. Sugar is the one industry. The island is healthful, and the people seem happy in their poverty. James Anthony Froude says along this line: "If happiness be the be all and end all of life, and those who have most of it have most completely attained the object of their being, the 'Nigger' who now basks among the ruins of the West Indian plantations is the supremest specimen of present humanity." Froude also says they are never fully awake except at meal time.

Off to the South of us lies Tobago—Robinson Crusoe's island, whose chief interest is this fact. Alexander Selkirk was on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the West coast of South America. But Defoe describes the island of Robinson Crusoe as off the mouth of the Orinoco river, and that fixes the locality. Trinidad—named by Columbus in honor of the Trinity—is a most interesting island of 1,754 square miles and 248,804 population, mostly Negroes, as usual. It is British. Its characteristics are South American. Its chief curiosity is the natural asphalt lake, which a company of Americans have leased, and from which they are getting rich. The President of the company has built a \$750,000 residence. When a lot of this asphalt is dug out and carried away, the hole soon fills

up with more asphalt, and thus the supply seems to be inexhaustible. There are many Hindoos there.

JAMAICA.

It is nearly a 1,000 mile run from St. Vincent to Ja-



STREET IN BASSE TERRE.

maica. The first day out is Sunday, and our party gather for worship on deck at 11 a. m. Dr. Charles A. Stoddard conducts the worship, while Dr. Martin Luther Berger preaches the sermon. The ship band discourse sweet music. Dr. Berger's subject was the human touch, and he impressively showed the power of personal influence. He closed with an original poem, which so charmed his hearers, that by the re-

quest of many it is included in his poem published in this volume.

We reach Port Royal, on the point of land running out to enclose the spacious harbor of Kingston. In A. D. 1692, an earthquake sank Port Royal below the surface of the sea, and it was long claimed that when the water was smooth houses and church spires could be seen below from boats. It is even now claimed that occasionally signs of the sunken city are visible, but we saw no sign. But another Port Royal has arisen on this point, ready for the next earthquake.

Jamaica was discovered by Columbus A. D. 1494. It contains 4,218 square miles (Porto Rico has 3,550) and 639,491 population (Porto Rico has 806,708). It has 114 rivers and creeks, and this led the Indians to call it Xaymaica, or "Isle of Springs." Columbus named the island St. Jago, but the Carib name, changed slightly to Jamaica, carried the day. The population of the island has decreased in twenty years by about 60,000. It became British under Cromwell in A. D. 1655. Here Columbus was stranded on his third voyage. Here, too, were the headquarters of the Buccaneers. It is interesting to note that it is in connection with robbery that the Carib language has found its way into English. Buccaneer comes from *bucan*, the Carib name for dried beef, which formed an important part of the food of those sea robbers, and gave them their name. Henry Morgan, the famous corsair, here had his home.

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes." He was knighted for his services (?) and afterward was appointed Governor of Jamaica.

KINGSTON.

We land at Kingston, a goodly city of over 40,000 population. Instinctively we look around for Tom Cringle, with his custard apple, and we want to meet Aaron Bangs—creations of the genius of Michael Scott, "a native of Glasgow," who lived here from A.



ST. JOHNS, ANTIGUA.

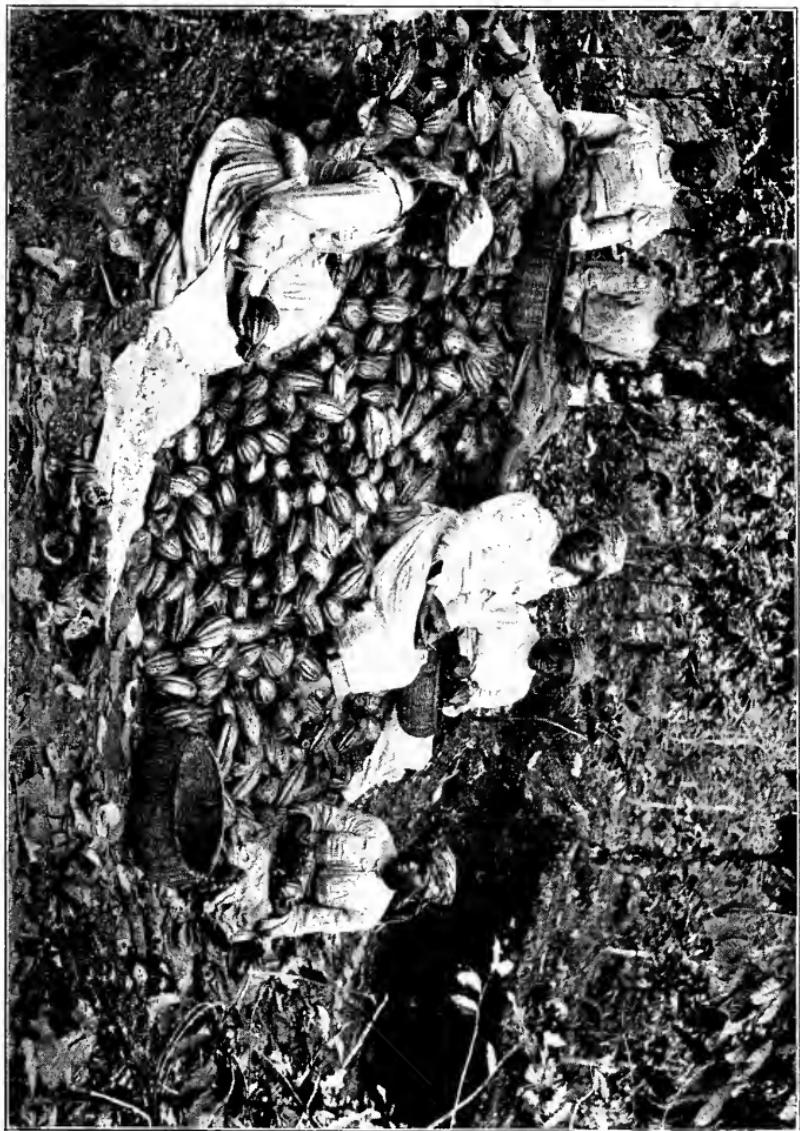
D. 1806 to 1822. The tourist naturally thinks of Gov. Eyre and of Gordon. Gov. Eyre has been severely censured for his severity in suppressing the blacks and in hanging Gordon, their leader, but it is claimed that only thus could a massacre of the whites, like that accomplished in Hayti, have been prevented. Much of the history of Jamaica has been grim enough. While the buildings of Kingston are not particularly attractive, I do not think Trollope was warranted in what he

said of their ugliness. The most interesting part of the city is its suburbs—Hope Gardens, where is a great collections of trees, flowers and fruits—Constance Spring, with its splendid hotel and the Bog Walk, with its charming scenery and foilage. Unlike the islands already visited, many of the market women here have donkeys to carry their burdens for them.

Yonder, rising to more than 7,000 feet, are the Blue Mountains, on whose sides grows the famous “Blue Mountain Coffee,” none of which is consumed on the island, but all is carefully sent to England. On the mountain side yonder, over 3,000 feet high, is the camp of the British white troops, the location being chosen with a view to their health. The troops in the city are black. Here, as elsewhere, the Negroes are in the overwhelming majority, outnumbering the whites 40 to 1. There are 10,000 Hindoos on the island. Froude prophesied that blacks were increasing so fast and the whites diminishing so fast, that Jamaica in a few years would be another Hayti.

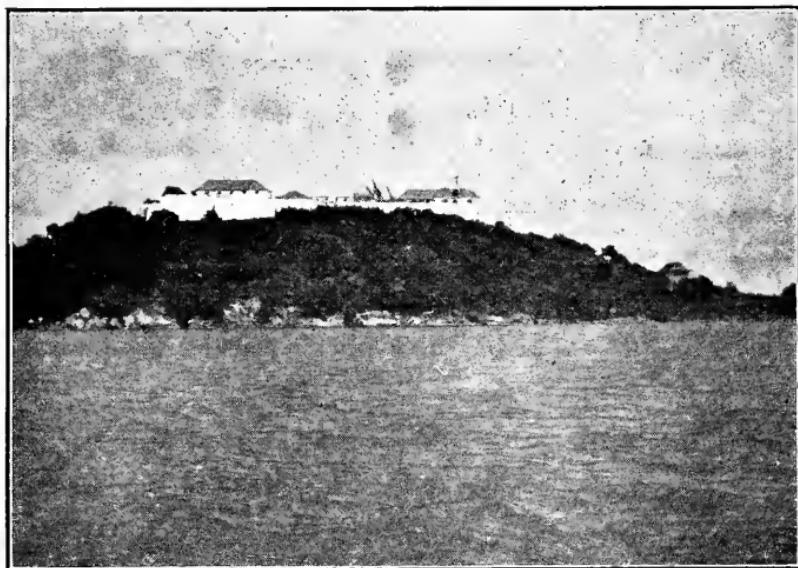
From Kingston we go by train fourteen miles to Spanish Town, noting by the way the fields of bananas and pineapples, the results of American enterprise. Spanish Town—called originally Santiago de la Vega—was settled by Diego Columbus A.D. 1525, and it is now a sleepy old town. The chief objects of interest are the handsome capitol building (unused), with its fine statue of Lord Rodney, and the old church with its graves and tombstones. One of these is of special interest to Americans, for it marks the grave of Commandant G. W. Reed, of the U. S. ship *Vixen*, captured in the war of 1812, who died there a prisoner of

COCOA PICKING.



war in 1813, and who, though offered a parole, refused to abandon his men in captivity, and so died of fever.

Another railroad, built by Mr. George Latham, a civil engineer from Virginia, runs from Kingston to Port Antonio. In building this road it was found needful to import Negroes from Alabama, who did three or four times as much work a day as could be



LEPER COLONY, ANTIGUA.

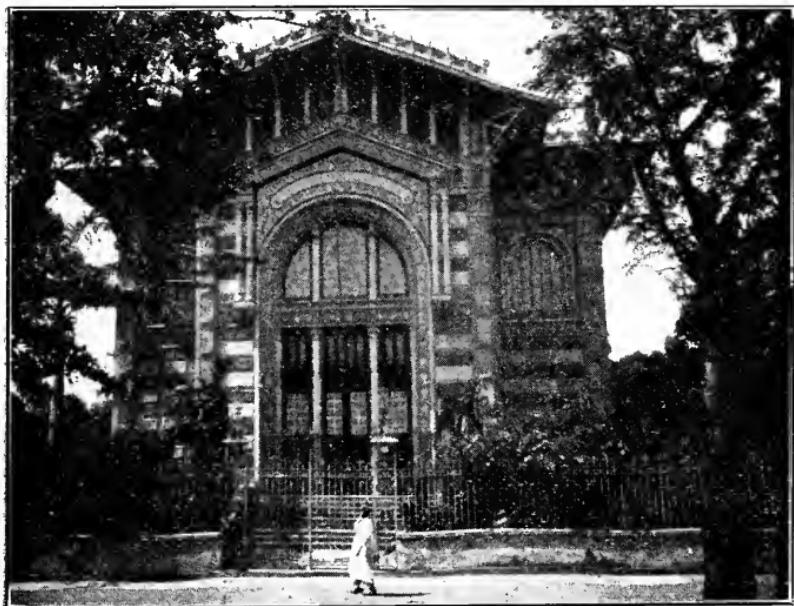
got out of the natives. Some of our party crossed the island on this road and rejoined the rest at Port Antonio. We had been told that our soiled linen could be cleansed at Kingston, and so many packages were sent ashore. All was returned except a lot that was in charge of a laundress who lived on Humbug Lane. This lot, however, was sent across to Port Antonio, and was delivered to the owners.

The most hopeful feature in the outlook of Jamaica is the fact that Americans from Boston and Philadelphia are taking hold of the fruit industry. So far only one-fourth of the island is under cultivation, and the soil is very fertile. But for the fear of Negro domination and the state of morals (half the births on the island are illegitimate) there seems no reason why Jamaica should not prosper, if suitable trade regulations can be made with this country. All tropical fruits and spices flourish here. Allspice is native, and ginger here reaches its perfection. Surely Jamaica has a future.

HAYTI.

Sailing around the Eastern end of Jamaica, we are near Hayti—sad Hayti! When in the French Revolution “liberty, equality and fraternity” were declared, and the Negroes in Hayti were freed, they arose and massacred the entire white population. Not many years ago the blacks, determined to extirpate white blood from the land, killed all the mulattoes who did not escape over the border into San Domingo—the independent republic on the Eastern part of the island. Columbus discovered this land in 1492, and pronounced it more beautiful than Cuba, and was loud in its praise to Ferdinand and Isabella. Here he established his first colony, which was wiped out by the natives. Here, too, he was thrown into prison by Bobadillo, and the cell may still be seen in the city of San Domingo. Till 1697 the entire island was Spanish. Then

the Western part was ceded to France. In 1785 Toussaint L'Onverture—the most famous man the island ever had—took possession of the whole, in the name of France. In 1806 Spain re-established herself over the Western portion. In 1821 San Domingo became independent, and presently united with Hayti to form



PUBLIC LIBRARY, FORT DE FRANCE.

one nation. In 1844 San Domingo set up for herself, and since that time the two countries have divided the island between them.

Napoleon attempted to reconquer Hayti, but the yellow fever defeated his army, as it also defeated the Spanish and British armies. The present condition of Hayti is deplorable enough. No white man is allowed to own a foot of land. Cannibalism is practiced, as is

proved by unimpeachable testimony. In one of their periodic revolutions the Haytiens established an order of nobility, with fantastic titles—e. g., the "Duke of Lemonade." The cabbage palm was adopted as their emblem of liberty. The area of Hayti is 10,204 square miles, and that of San Domingo is 18,045. In the latter country there are some 3,000 Germans, and the outlook is not rayless, as that of Hayti seems.

CUBA.

Cuba is so well known that there is comparatively little need making notes concerning it, and yet there is so much more material for notes that a fair share of space must be taken for the purpose. Cuba has 45,000 square miles; as large as Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont and half of Maine combined. Columbus decided that it was the continent, and required all his officers to make oath before a notary to that effect. The present population of the island is about a million and a half. Some half a million perished by Spanish cruelty during their recent struggle for independence. Americans largely are buying land in Cuba. Prof. Robert T. Hill is right in saying there is room for Caucasian immigration only in Cuba of all the West Indies, and in the near future there will be a tide of such immigration. The name of Cuba was called by the natives Cubacan, but it was reduced to Cube by the French and to Cuba by the Spanish.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

We reach the entrance to Santiago harbor early in the morning. There stands the Morro (i.e., fighting) Castle



JOSEPHINE'S STATUTE, FORT DE FRANCE.

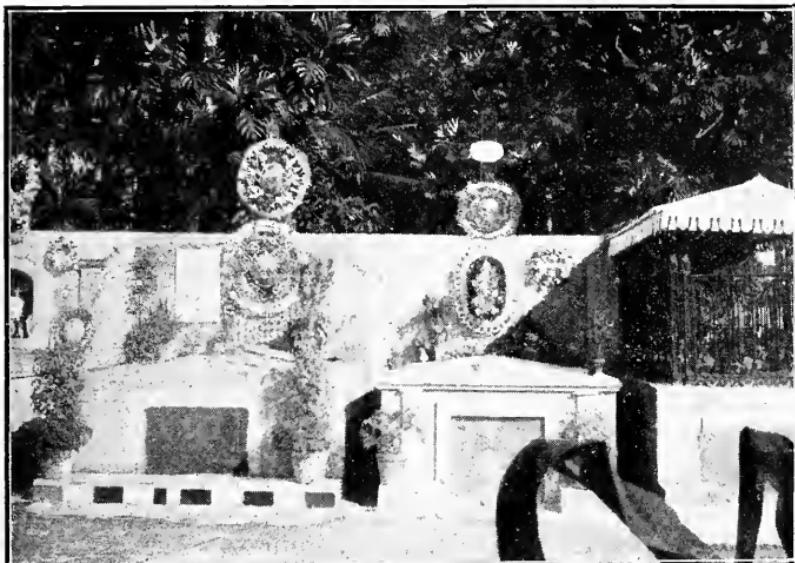
built in 1640, and now surmounted by the United States flag and occupied by American soldiers. This made us feel that we were getting home. Though Cuba is now a free and independent country, Uncle Sam evidently does not consider the Cuban problem

solved. Soldiers are therefore kept here as well as in Havana. The castle was built by Pedro de la Rocca. The opening is only some 200 feet wide between two hills, and a ship could sail by without any one's suspecting the existence of any harbor at all. It seems that a little river is finding its way to the sea, between Morro Castle and Zocapa Castle, which is lower and smaller. The channel winds a good deal, but presently we enter a spacious harbor, big enough to accommodate a thousand ships of the line.

The city (the natives call it St. Jago) was founded by Velasquez, A. D. 1515, which was 105 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and 98 years before the settlement at Jamestown, Va. The city now has 70,000 population, and presents a quaint and curious appearance. There are blue and red houses, and there is an air of foreign antiquity everywhere. The old cathedral, San Carlos Club, the old church struck by a bombshell during the seige, the liberty monument, and the market are the chief objects of interest, except, of course, the ladies wearing their handsome mantillas on their heads. Outside the city are the battle-fields of the recent war. On San Juan hill one can easily see how the American army operated. Right up that valley they came, over there they deployed, and just here they charged with such deadly effect. Here stands the battle monument, surmounted by a bombshell. Back yonder is the ceiba "Tree of Peace," under which the surrender took place. This tree is protected from relic hunters by a high iron fence and railing, with the placard, in English and Spanish, announcing \$100 fine and three months' imprisonment.

for any one who in any way mutilates that tree. The battlefield is fresh enough for the tourists to pick up bullets, pieces of barbed wire, &c., &c.

Since Spain has been driven from Cuba, various evangelical denominations have begun mission work there. In Santiago, the Baptists, led by Rev. Dr. H. R. Mosely, have been specially successful. Methodists



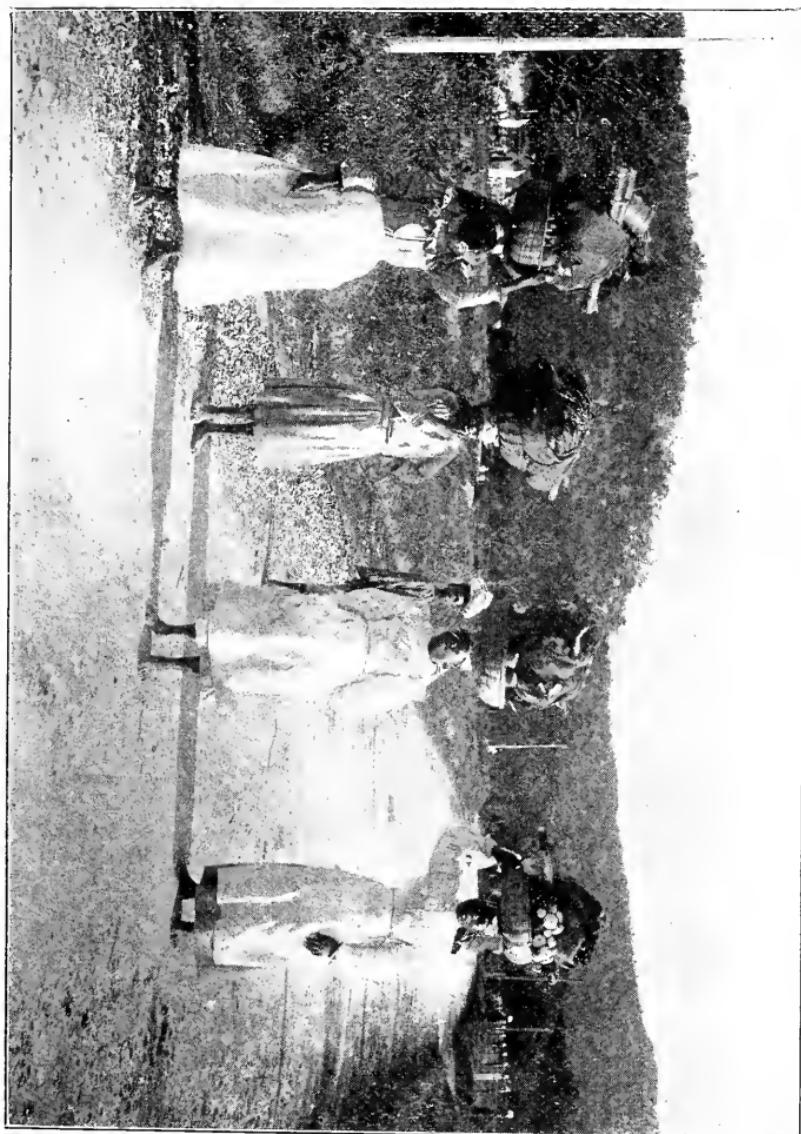
CEMETERY, FORT DE FRANCE.

and Presbyterians are also vigorously at work, while the Episcopalians are well represented. These denominations give special attention to the work of education. The iron mines near are operated by Americans, and the copper mines (Cobre) 36 miles North, are said to be the richest in the world.

Sailing out of the harbor, noting where the gallant Hobson sank the Merrimac, we pass to the right and go

Westward till we come to the wreck of the Spanish war vessel on the shore. Here was fought the famous sea battle, and here was won the great victory, whether credit belongs to Sampson or Schley or the captains. It is easy to picture the battle as one reads the account there at the place. Here the Oregon made its famous run; there the Brooklyn made its loop. Along here the flying Spanish ships ran at their utmost speed in their vain efforts to escape. Here was demonstrated what a London paper called "the tremendous efficiency of the American navy." Admiral Cervera telegraphed to Madrid that he entered Santiago harbor "without incident," but he went out with a good deal of incident.

Turning Eastward, we go around Cape Maysi, and then Westward toward Havana. On the way the writer thought it would be entertaining to have a court with a jury of ladies to bring to trial the bachelors on board. Soon the jury of the gentleman was secured; Col. Geo. W. Vernon, of Baltimore kindly served as judge, Gen. W. E. Atkinson, of Little Rock was attorney for the defense, Dr. J. W. Conger, of Arkadelphia, Ark., served as sheriff, while the writer acted as prosecuting attorney. Mrs. Carrie C. Pittman, of Brooklyn, was the foreman (?) of the jury. The court duly organized, the bachelors were duly sought out in their varied places of concealment and brought to bar. Witnesses were summoned and most decisive testimony was given. There were several "star" witnesses, among whom Mrs. J. M. Saxton, of Bridgeport, Conn., Dr. L. M. Berger, of Cleveland, and Dr. James Morrow, of Philadelphia, deserve special mention. The



GOING TO MARKET.

bachelors were, of course, duly found "guilty in the first degree," and were each sentenced to court a lady within three days, or be pitched overboard. Mrs. W. F. Barnes, of Rockford, Ill., was court reporter, and her report greatly interested all to whom she kindly read it.

We pass along the North coast, and are in sight of



DR. THOMPSON AND THE DONKEYS.

the Cubistas Mountains, in the heart of which was the insurgent stronghold during the revolution, 1895-1898, and where for a time they had their seat of government. Farther on is the famous Yumuri valley, named for the river that drains it, and called "the Happy Valley," one of the fairest spots on the globe. There are many natural beauties in Cuba—the Falls of Rosario, for example, and, in the same province,

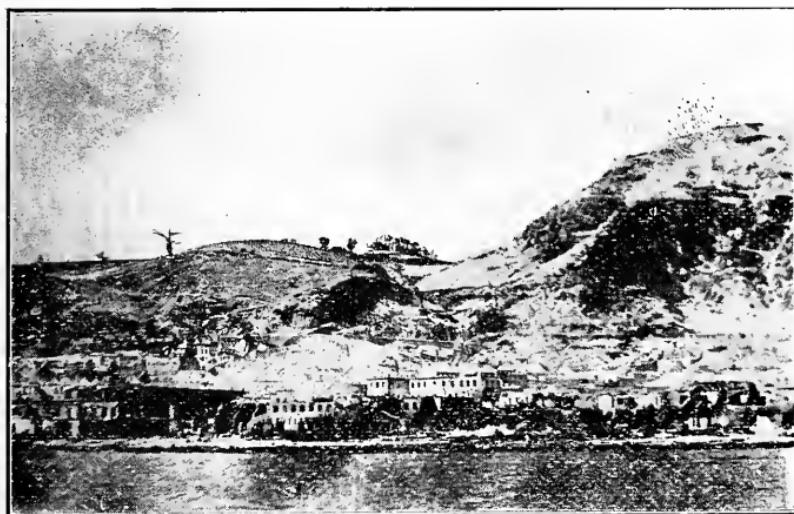
an immense natural bridge. We go near Mantanzas, the second city in Cuba, with 90,000 population, but do not land, for we hasten to Havana. Thirty miles East of the city is where the ill-fated Col. Crittenden, of Kentucky landed in 1851 in the effort led by Lopez to free Cuba. He was captured and shot.

HAVANA.

We enter the harbor with Morro Castle to our left, an old fortress of the Vauban period, but in good condition and still formidable. Havana was settled in A. D. 1519, and Hernando de Soto was the first Governor. The city has a fine location and one easily defended in case of war. Drake tried to take it and failed, as did Penn and Venables. In 1760, however, the British took it and held it till the end of the Seven Years' War. Well within the harbor, and near where we anchor, lies the wreck of the U. S. battleship Maine. There is less of it above water than we would have supposed. The mainmast is high in air, and below and around it are tangled and rusty irons, on which beautiful wreaths are constantly hanging, in honor of the dead heroes. It was this that drove Spain out of Cuba. When they blew up the Maine, they blew up Spain, so far as the American and Asiatic waters are concerned. Our tourists gazed long and fondly, commented freely, and resolved to "remember the Maine."

Havana has nearly 300,000 population, mixed as to race, but with less race antagonism than is found on

the other West Indies. There is a large Spanish element, and the city, as a rule, has been loyal to Spain. When Napoleon overthrew the Spanish government, the state council met in Havana and swore allegiance to "the legitimate heir" to the throne, and thus Cuba got the title of "ever faithful isle." There are many Negroes in Havana, some Hindus, some Spanish, some Americans, some with Indian blood, and the largest



RUINS OF ST. PIERRE.

men are descended from the immigrants from Teneriffe. The Americans are coming in freely and investing in real estate. We may be sure there is more outcome for Cuba than for any other of these islands. Improvements are going ahead. A railroad has been completed—700 miles—from Havana to Santiago de Cuba.

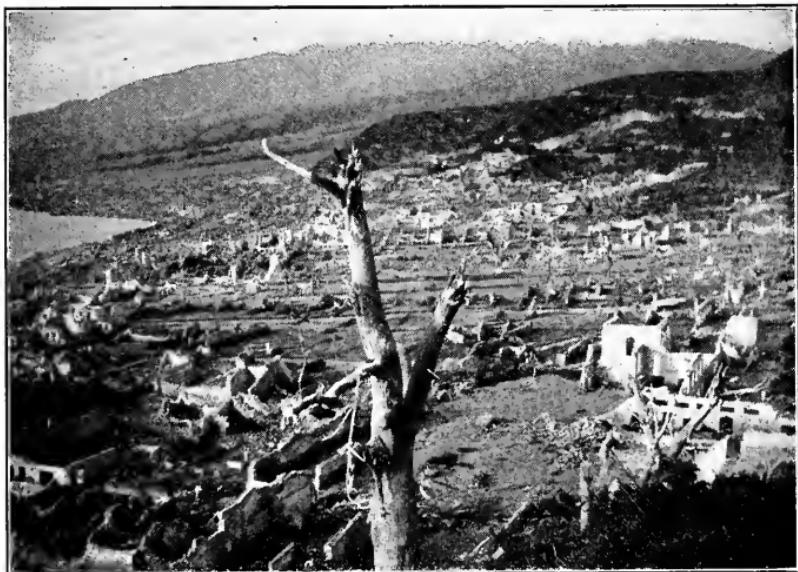
The objects of special interest in Havana are the Prado—the great boulevard—the old cathedral, where

they thought they had the body of Columbus, which wrong body the Spaniards removed when they left the island, the palace, lately fouled by Weyler and now graced by Palma; the market, with its wonderful array, especially of fruits; the botanical gardens, the Teinplete Monument, where the first mass was said in Havana; the Vedado Cemetery, with its magnificent monument to the firemen and the elegant monument to Gen. Garcia. There is much in the city to interest a visitor. The hotels are nothing extra for fare, but very extra for price. No doubt some enterprising Americans will ere long have an up-to-date hotel in Havana.

Perhaps the reader will allow a word about the body of Columbus. When the Admiral died he was buried in the cathedral in Santo Domingo. His body and the bodies of his brother and son were also deposited there. When San Domingo became independent of Spain, the Spaniards took from the cathedral the metallic case which they supposed contained the body of Columbus and carried it to the cathedral in Havana, where it remained until Uncle Sam drove the Spanish out, when it was carried to Spain. Investigation has shown that they made a mistake, and got the body of Diego, Columbus' son, and not the body of the Admiral himself, which still rests in the cathedral of San Domingo. So Spain is not only minus all America, but minus the body of Columbus.

James Anthony Froude said of Havana: "The sanitary condition is as bad as negligence can make it—so bad that a Spanish gentleman told me that if it were not for the natural purity of the air, they would

have all been dead like flies long ago." When the Spanish flag was struck in Havana, the commander of the fort said to an American officer: "I congratulate your country on its victory. You have come to rule over the basest, most despicable people on earth." But, thanks to the administration of Gen. (Dr.) Wood, the sanitary condition of the city has been revolution-



ST. PIERRE, LOOKING NORTH.

ized, and the future, let us hope, will contradict the Spanish officer's opinion of the Cubans. The experiments of Gen. Wood proved that yellow fever is propagated by the bite of a certain mosquito, and that it is capable of communicating the disease only from twelve to fifteen days after it has bitten a yellow fever patient. By destroying this mosquito the disease can be prevented. By protecting all patients from this

mosquito, the spread of the disease can be checked. For the first time in 100 years Havana has been free from yellow fever for eighteen months.

The moral and religious conditions of Havana are improving. There are many American missionaries there representing various denominations. The writer visited Drs. Daniel and Diaz and the Misses Joerg, and would have been glad to visit others had time allowed. Education, too, is advancing, and Cuba gives promise of occupying her proper place in the world. Cubans have already done something in literature, as the names of Heredia, Ramon, Zambeau, Teresa Montez de Ocea and Gertrudis Gomez attest.

The most famous product of Havana is its cigar. The soil of Cuba grows tobacco four to nine feet tall, as well as many fruits and other products. There is hardly any limit to its agricultural possibilities. While no coal has been found on the island, there are iron, copper, asphaltum, maganese.

Sailing from Havana Northeast, we spend another Sunday on the sea, and Dr. Smalley conducts the worship, while Dr. Morrow preaches a helpful and interesting sermon on man's spiritual needs and how they are met. The weather is cooler and more comfortable as we go Northward. On Monday morning we are in the Bahamas and land at Nassau, New Providence. These islands are all calcarious, and entirely different from those we have visited. They are British. It was on one of these that Columbus first landed, and which one has long been a matter of dispute. Cat Island, Watling Island and Samana have each been claimed as the true San Salvador. The writer believes Samana

is the true place, because it is the only one of the three which lies East and West, as Columbus said of San Salvador. The natives called the island Guana hani, but they have all long since perished. In all these islands there is only one safe harbor—Nassau—and only one of these islands, Andros, has running water.



ST. PIERRE. LOOKING SOUTII.

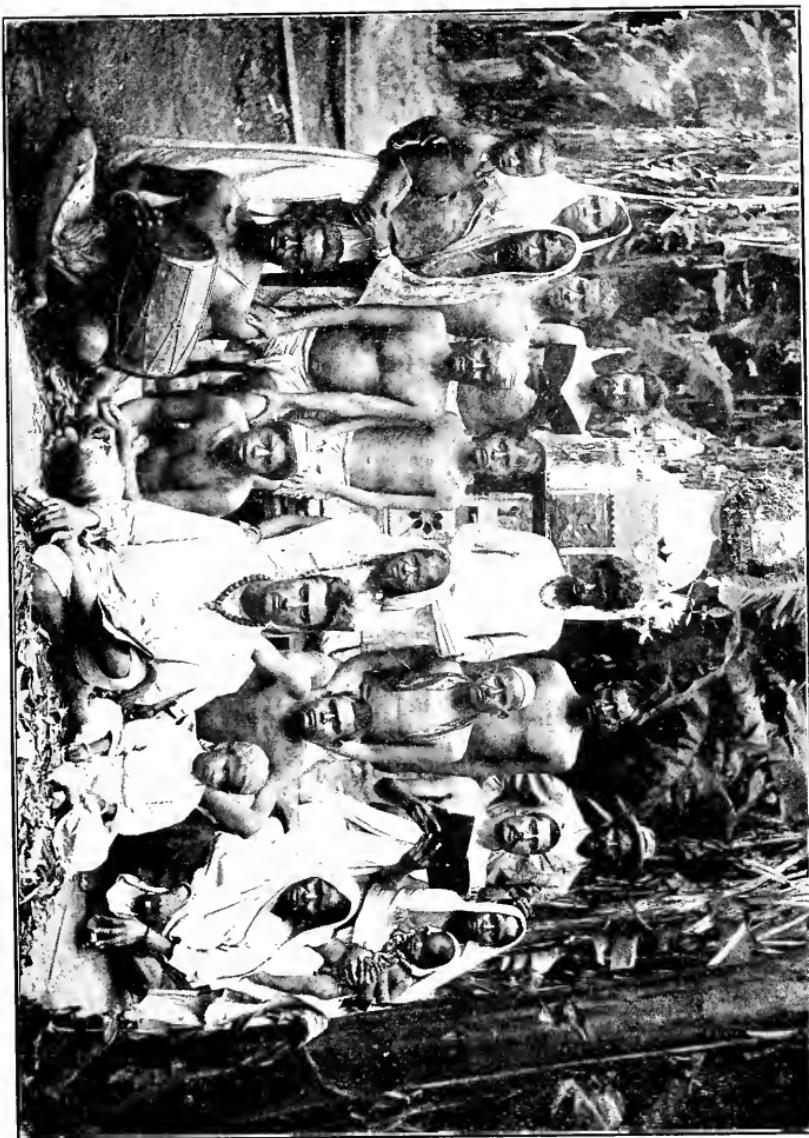
NASSAU.

New Providence is one of the smallest of the inhabited Bahamas, but having the only safe harbor, the city was built here. During the American war Nassau flourished as the center of the blockade runners. It has about 10,000 population. Since Mr. Flagler built

his two large hotels, Nassau has become a great winter resort for tourists. The object of chief interest is the sea garden, over which you are towed in a glass-bottomed boat, whence you can look down and see the various sea growths (polyps, marine algae, &c.) some of them gorgeously beautiful, in the clear shallow water. The phosphorescent lake is also of curious interest. The Bahamas are not prosperous. The soil is not rich, though well suited to tropical fruits, which are not profitable because their natural market, the United States, is cut off by the tariff. Sponge fishing is a leading industry, also rope making from the sisal plant, lately introduced. The whole thirty-one inhabited Bahamas have only about 50,000 population, of whom one-fourth live on New Providence. They believe prosperity can come only from annexation to the United States. The writer talked with an intelligent British lady in Nassau, who is emphatically opposed to annexation, though frankly admitting that this is the only road to prosperity. She prefers being poor and British to being rich and American. She will have, probably, her choice.

They have a bean on the island called "woman's tongue." It grows in a long pod, and when the tree hangs thick with these pods, ripe, the blowing of the wind causes a great racket. A native said this was "just like a crowd of women talking," and he gave this as the explanation of the name. It was a curious fact that those of the party who took most interest in these beans were the bachelors. Why this was true, has not yet been explained.

From Nassau the good ship *Kaiserin* sailed to New



GROOP OF HINDOOS.



York, arriving Feb. 5th, while more than 100 of the party left the ship at Nassau and sailed across to Miama, Florida. All carried home delightful recollections of the cruise, and it is hoped all will have those recollections refreshed pleasantly by reading this souvenir volume. It is hoped also that other readers will here find matter of pleasant interest. All



FRONT OF CATHEDRAL, ST. PIERRE.

these islands should receive more attention than has heretofore been given them from Americans.

The Cruise of the Kaiserin.

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JANUARY 15—FEBRUARY 5, 1903.

S

MARTIN LUTHER BERGER, D. D.

S

It seemed a cruel decree of Fate,
That "The Kaiserin" came in two days late,
She found New York in a terrible vice,
Hard locked by frost and glittering ice.

Her bunkers with coal, she had to supply,
And things on that line, were very awry,
She needed cleaning, and thorough repair,
To make her real bonny, and debonair.

So "powers that be," announced delay,
And "Sailing was postponed for a day,"
Any who chose, were invited to stay,
But the larger number shiver'd away.

Those who cared to remain, began to bind,
With affectionate links, congenial mind,
The day and the evening, they quickly passed,
And hour for returning, arrived at last.

Before retiring, we took one more view,
To find in someway, *that lost portmanteau*.
The stewards had made three searches in vain,
And Doctor Smalley, was truly in pain.

“Home in the morning, unless it is found”
Was the spur that sent us hunting around,
We could not bear, to lose such a good friend,
And have our acquaintance suddenly end.

It safely stood, in seven thirty-three,
We hastened our find, to report with glee,
And sent the good Doctor, happy to bed,
With his blessing upon our lucky head.



REAR OF CATHEDRAL, ST. PIERRE.

The cabins were cold, but the beds were warm,
And the chilly air did none of us harm,
And we peacefully slept till break of day,
Thankful, indeed, we concluded to stay.

The crisp morning came, with heartier cheer,
The passengers gather'd from far and near,

With bags and bundles and dressing cases,
And bright, intelligent, honest faces.

The gentlemen largely in evidence,
Which may be regarded as proof of sense,
Or a readier willingness to dare
The dreaded ordeal of mal-de-mer.

Towns and cities of medium size,
Afforded the bulk of those on the cruise,
The number from *very* large towns, was small,
And New York had hardly any at all.

On Thursday noon, we cast off from the dock,
Backed into North River, without a shock,
Mid waving huzzahs, and hasty good-byes,
And moisture gathering in many eyes.

We quietly swept, out of Sandy Hook,
Casting many a fond and lingering look,
Towards dear ones, we had to leave behind,
Though forever present, to us in mind.

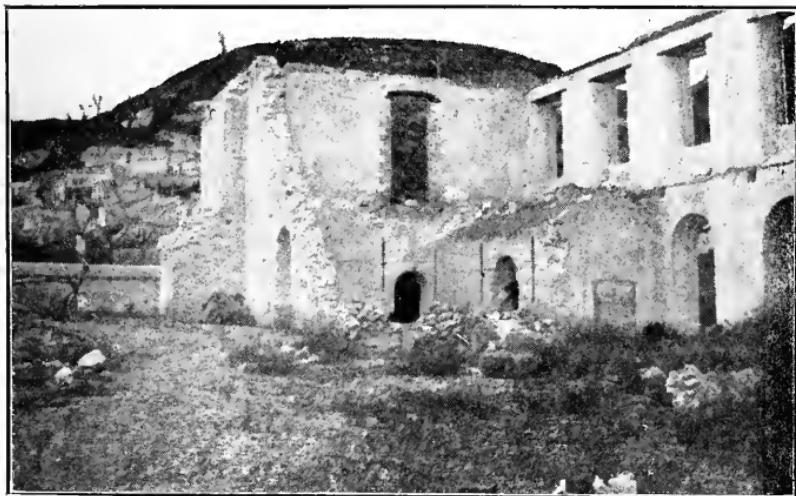
We directed our course, a due southeast,
Glad to be off, for "The Isles of the Blest,"
Expecting rare scenes, with tropical growth,
Far away from old winter's killing breath.

Our party numbered, two sixty-six,
And they found it an easy task to fix,
In the length, and breadth, and generous fold,
Of Maria Theresia's spacious hold.

The table was fine, the food extra good,
And the busy stewards in willing mood,

And peaceful seas caused many to rave,
O'er the joys of, "Life on the ocean wave."

A few looked wan, and dreary, and sad,
As if life lack'd something, to make it glad,
But the sea grew less roil'd, and stomachs, too,
And then their faces, were fair to the view.



RUINS OF BANK OF MARTINIQUE.

Mr. Clark was thoughtful, attentive and true,
Striving all possible kindness to shew,
Regarding our wishes, both great and small,
And promptly responding to every call.

Each day the blue of the sea, was more blue,
And tropical skies took a daintier hue,
And blush of the cloud, at smile of the sea,
Was a *panacea*, from care to free.

Our party was large, and of ev'ry kind,
Of respectable folk, you will anywhere find,
We had callow youth, we had blooming buds,
And a few, who wore splendid flashing studs.

We had business men, of their wives so proud,
Who enjoyed the fine trip, dressed a la mode,
We had married people, more than six score,
And a few whose hearts seem'd a little sore.

We had jewelled ladies, richly drest,
And dandies, vain of their mustache and vest,
We had bachelors, shunning wily snare,
And maids, who sternly refused to pair.

We had mannish women, and womanish men,
And some whose traits, no one could ken,
But we made, as a whole, a splendid crowd,
Neither coarse, nor vulgar, nor vain, nor loud.

Our score of physicians, was very full,
Representing every kind of school,
Allopath, homeopath, osteopath, all,
Who live and thrive, through man's sad fall.

Of lawyers, we had booked a few,
Who longed "The Enchanted Isles," to view,
Who left their courts, and troublesome cases,
To visit, more interesting places.

Of preachers, we held, a very fine band,
From ev'ry part, of our favored land,
They were tall, and short, and sturdy, and old,
And represented, each Christian fold.

They ran together, like drops of water,
And made our broad decks, resound with laughter,
They scattered kind smiles, and bright ideas,
And with witty stories, tried to please.



STONE CAUGHT ON PIKE, ST. PIERRE.

They left in sheathe, the polemical sword,
And lovingly talked, of God's good Word,
As they, round the dear Elder Brother drew,
Who was filling their hearts, with joy so new.

A growing spirit, of sweet brotherhood,
Melted all on board, into gentle mood,
And it was so plain every eye could see,
We had fused, into one great family.

On Sunday, we sat in reverent mood,
And behind the awning, we worshipped God,
Dr. Eaton, of Louisville, spoke that day,
Explaining "Faith," in a masterly way.

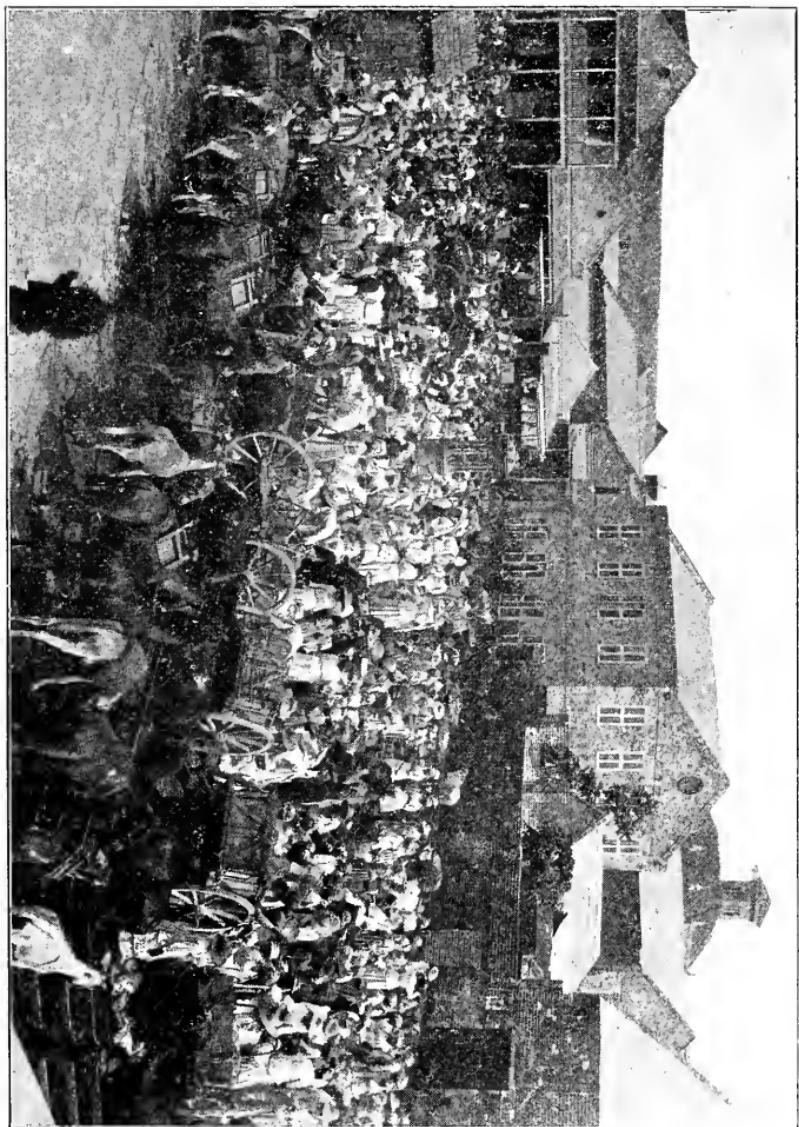
The hours passed by, in friendly chit-chat,
Discussing freely, this theme and that,
Our faces fanned by the friendly breeze,
As we glided smoothly, o'er summer seas.

Journeying Southward, we do not complain,
Of the cold, that bound the North, with its chain,
Our steaming cabins, were simply *a fright*;
We tossed and sweat, thro' the livelong night.

Our tossing and tumbling, no relief found,
Till we sought the deck, and the cooling wind,
And here, a tropical sunrise, repaid,
The effort to rise, reluctantly made.

On the left St. Thomas, we plainly see,
A wavy line of volcanic debris,
The mountains spring up, from the ocean bed,
And lift high in air, an umbrageous head.

We slowly steam into, the harbor fine,
And set foot on shore, at the hour of nine,
The town of Charlotte Amelia lay,
In a beautiful crescent, round the Bay.



KINGSTON MARKET.

The people met us, in holiday gear,
All gathered in crowds, around the pier,
Men, women and children, attir'd in white,
Black faces, shining with jovial light.

We wandered thro', the clean little town,
Which laugh'd with delight, as the cash came down,



CARIB INDIANS, ST. VINCENT.

We got, beads and baskets, and this and that,
And some bo't white clothes, and Panama hat.

At twelve we lunched, on veranda wide,
The loveliest views on every side,
The verdure crowned hills, and gleaming bay
Where the three white steamers, at anchor lay.

We call'd on our Consul, in Home so neat,
And "The Bulletin's" editor chanced to meet,

Who told us that most of the people here,
Were hankering, "The Stars and Stripes," to wear.

At five we quietly, wended our way,
On board, having spent a most happy day,
Its memory to add, to growing store,
When these lovely scenes, delight us no more.

We steamed in the night to fair St. Kitt,
Where some say the new world did Columbus greet,
A sweet little town, nestling round the bay,
With cane fields and mountains circling each way.

Clouds crowned the mountains, with dainty grace,
And we all were agreed 'twas "a charming place,"
And a *little cloud*, o'er our ship was cast,
While the *yellow flag*, flew at our fore-most.

But it soon came down, to our great relief,
When the doctor declared, "No cause for grief,"
Our ship's "Bill of Health" was quite clean enough,
Although his manner, was a little gruff.

We flocked to the shore, all in a trice,
And soon discovered that things were nice,
We first drove all over the little place,
And away for butterflies set our face.

We drove through rustling fields, of sugar cane,
That the bushey ravine, we might attain,
The ascent was easy, and soon our eyes,
Dilated with wonder, and glad surprise.

We found fine specimens, easy to get,
And soon had twenty-five, safe in the net,

Some dusky nymphs, washing, down in the glen,
Warbled out merry shoutings now and then.

We gathered for lunch, at "The Park Hotel,"
And "getting the pineapple" far'd real well,
The sugar plantations, claimed an hour,
And then we drove, right to the consul's door.



BREAD FRUIT TREE, ST. VINCENT.

We here found *two* Havens, each kind and sweet,
And a clean, and restful, and cool retreat,
And the consul's wife, so gracious and bland,
A bit of U. S. in a foreign land.

At hour of four, they tendered in state,
A Reception, at British consulate,
Ample refreshment, was freely served,
An honor we felt was undeserved.

We invited them all, to come on board,
And divide with us, our generous hoard,
They gladly gave heed, to our gentle beck,
And till midnight danced, on our ample deck.

We started at 2 A. M. for St. John,
And anchored two miles and a half, from town,
But a heavy grief here, fell on my heart,
The muse gives a shudder, the tear drops start.

For a time I was, the most wretched man,
Enroll'd in the ranks, of our Frank Clark clan,
But lest I offend, supersensitive ears,
I bury deep down, the cause of my fears.

Imagine my joy, at St. John to find,
A gentleman able, to soothe my mind,
And in dexterous way, my want to fill,
I can never forget, *dear Doctor Hill.*

A native West Indian, cultured and kind,
With dainty touch, and a well-trained mind,
So polished in manners, and good of heart,
I really hated, from him to part.

We searched Botanical Gardens through,
And captured butterflies, only a few,
Returned to lunch, at "Central Hotel,"
And did not think, we were treated right well.

The meal was served us, *wrong end to*,
And the landlord, hardly knew what to do,
Oranges disappeared, in a trice,
While sixty folks watched for something nice.

We chatted till water began to fail,
Then some took whiskey, and some ginger ale,
At length "the poule," began to appear,
But, three fowls and one ham, made scanty fare.

What we lacked in food, we made up in *fun*,
And went to the wharf, almost on a run,



WOMEN HOD CARRIERS.

We failed, on the steam yacht to get afloat,
And jumped right into, a big sail boat.

The wind whirl'd us fast, along steam yacht's track,
Till at length we let her, look on our back,
And reached our ship *first*, in bounding glee,
Giving silver tip, to our dusky three.

Doctor Fletcher lectur'd again, that night,
And Mr. Rue gave Recitation bright,
And the wind blew freshly, sweetly and strong,
As our noble vessel hurried along.

The morning light found us, at Fort-de-France,
And its deadly serpent "The Fer-de-lance,"
We found a rich purse of gold, on a seat,
From which a sleeper, had beaten retreat.

We gladly gave it, to owner when found,
And case was clear, for we felt ourselves bound,
By the law, "what *you*, would have men to do,
Do to them," and so keep your own soul *true*.

We land at eleven, all in a bunch,
And hurried at once, to get thro' our lunch,
It stayed our hunger and off we lied,
In a roomy carriage, for a ride.

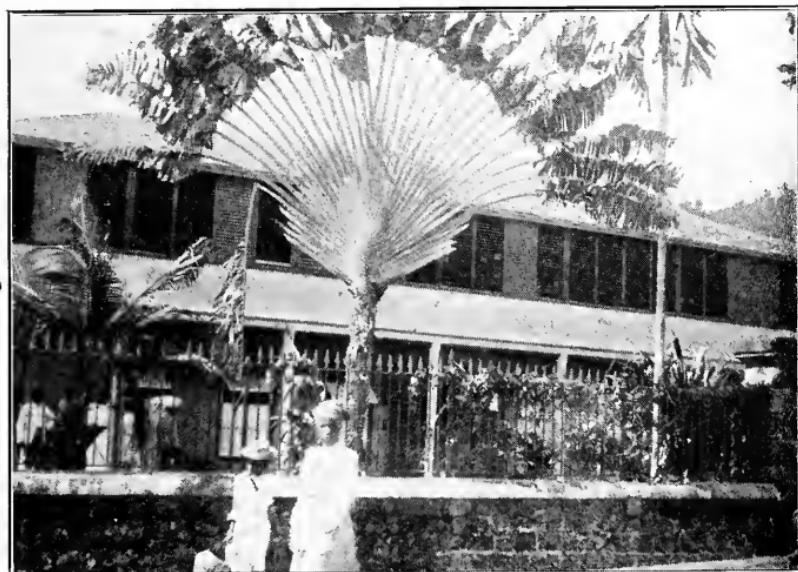
The town, was remarkably clean and sweet,
And clear water coursed, each side the street,
We hunted the market, and haunted the store,
And murdered the language, a galore.

We looked on statue of Josephine
And pitied, the poor unfortunate Queen,
And thought how faithfully, she had loved,
A man, who had so unworthy proved.

Contrasted with baseness, how constant the love,
These simple Islanders, faithfully give,
Enshrin'd in their hearts, she still wears *a crown*,
Which no traitor hand, can rudely cast down.

For a brief half hour, we follow the coast,
When the most awful scenes, upon us burst,
The ghastly ruins, of lovely St. Pierre,
And the buried thousands, that slumber there.

A sadder sight, the eye never will see,
Than that which sickens you, under Pelee,



TRAVELER'S PALM, ST. VINCENT.

Here full forty thousand, died in a breath,
And densely crowded, the gates of death.

It was ten of eight on the eighth of May,
When the threatening cloud on Pelee lay,
And burst with a crash, heard around the world,
As its fiery ash on St. Pierre was hurled.

The lovely city was blotted from earth,
And became a grim charnel-house of death,
And where music and dance and song were found,
Only ruin and silence now abound.

We landed upon the desolate shore,
And gathered relics, many a score,
Fishhooks and spoons, scissors, plates and old keys,
As each one's fancy seemed most to please.

Some had smoked pitchers, and some had tile,
Some boasted as treasure a rusty file,
And one who is fond of the ladies fair,
Rejoiced in a thing to curl the hair.

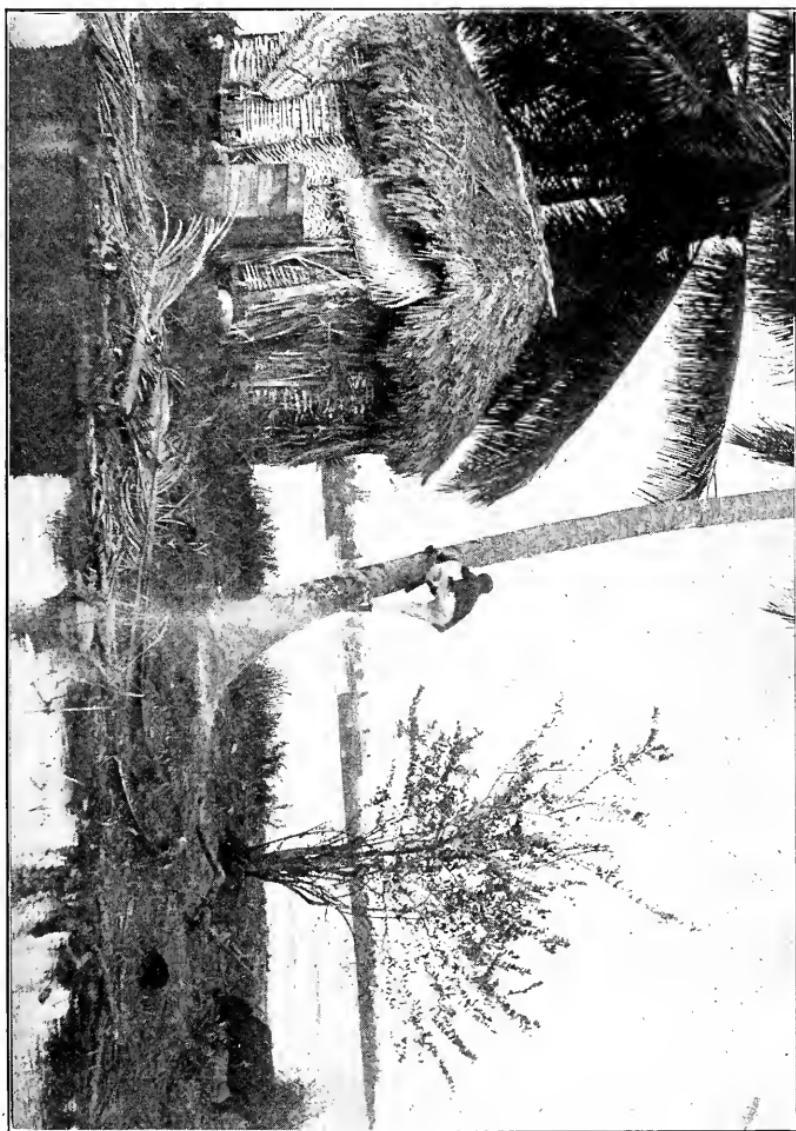
One doctor gloried, in teeth and a skull,
Another of *vertebra*, got the whole,
But the funniest thing, I saw of all,
Was a woman lugging, a cannon-ball.

We came on board, like an army from war,
And each one, his cherished trophy bore,
And slipping the cable, that held our ship,
From dangerous place, were glad to escape.

Our souls impressed, with a sense profound,
Of the mighty forces, under the ground,
Felt how puny is man, his works how vain,
Where Nature would spread, a desolate plain.

Next morn we lay in another sweet bay,
With mighty Soufriere, not far away,
The sharp peaks were wooded, to lofty top,
And stood in a crescent, around the ship.

CLIMBING COCOANUT TREE.



The fronded palms, adorned the green shore,
Mango, banana and others a score,
And rainbows, the birth of sun and shower,
Thrilled all our hearts, with magic power.

We fellow-travelers, row to the land,
In safe rowboats, pulled by a strong hand,



COFFEE TREE, ST. VINCENT.

And wander quite aimlessly, up and down,
Through the stone-paved streets, of fair "Kingstown."

Botanical Gardens, delight our eyes,
The oldest found, under tropical skies,
The gorgeous foliage, red, yellow, green,
Was richest display we ever have seen.

The rarest plants, were here crowding the ground,
Brought from tropical zone, the whole world round,
And tended with skill, and exquisite care,
Afforded pleasure, not met with elsewhere.

A village of Caribs camp'd on the ridge,
Driven on westward by Soufriere's rage,
A fading remnant of powerful race,
Which time will soon from the earth efface.

Caribs call, the Rainbow, "The Plume of God,"
And the name is fine, as we see one nod,
On brow of St. Andrew, above the bay,
As Theresa resumed, her watery way.

And now we turn, towards the western skies,
"The Lesser Antilles," fade from our eyes,
Near a thousand miles, to "The Greater" stretch,
Our good ship will bring them, within our reach.

On the second Sabbath, Mr. Clark chose,
The man who composed, this "Rhyme of the cruise,"
To preach on the deck; he dreaded it much,
But he chose as his theme, "The Human Touch."

An original poem completed discourse,
Which by special request, is in this verse,
We freely insert it, hoping to give,
A higher ideal, by which to live.

Did you ever think, of "The Human Touch,"
And what springs out of it, little or much,
Filling the future, with pleasure or pain,
An aggregate vast, of loss of gain.

There's a touch of the hand, that gives a chill,
Another that stirs, with electric thrill,
From the one you find yourself, limp and weak,
From the other brave, all duty to seek.

There's a touch of the lips, a heartfelt kiss,
That affords us always, a taste of bliss,



ORGAN CACTI.

Where it's stamp'd with purity, truth, and love,
And holy confidence, born from above.

“Twas my mother's kiss,” said Benjamin West,
Made me a painter, inspired my breast.
The world shall never, be able to count,
Inspirations of genius, from this fount.

The human touch, of contempt on the face,
Has driven many a man to disgrace,
When a gentle word, instead of a frown,
Would have help'd him, trample temptation down.

A human touch, of a word on the ear,
Has kindled within us, sweet hope or fear,
Illuming our souls, with visions of bliss,
Or blanching our faces, like sorrow's kiss.

There's a touch that comes from a brave, true, soul,
Imparting fresh vigor, making us whole,
Lifting above the low, base, selfish thought,
Making us ponder, the mighty word "ought."

We cannot help "touching" where'er we go,
Sending out currents, of joy or of woe,
Scatt'ring a blessing or earning a curse,
Changing those round us, for better or worse.

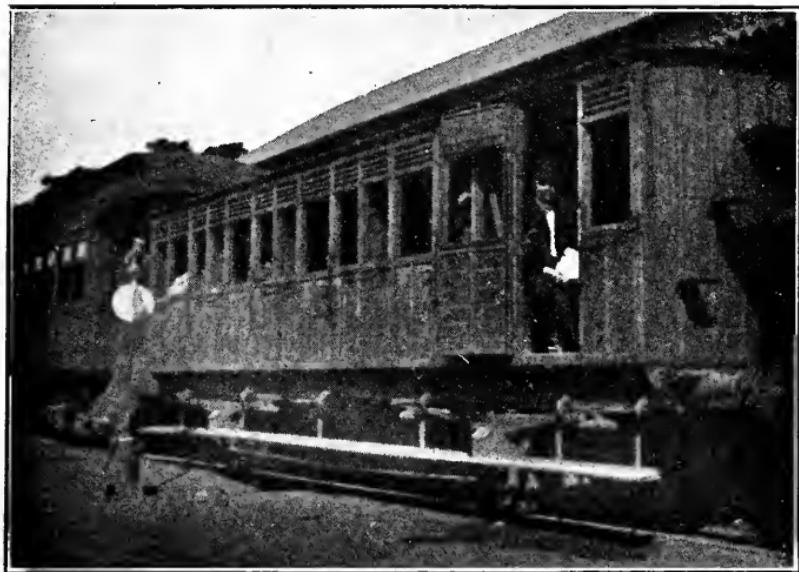
Kindling a smile, or awaking a frown,
By our heart touch pushing, souls up or down,
Not a croaking crow, but a singing linnet,
Making earth gladder, because we are in it.

Helping to scale, the imperial height,
Or leading down into, the shades of night,
Giving fresh pinion, to angel wing,
Or causing to grovel, a damaged thing.

It is serious work, this *living of ours*,
Demanding best use of our noblest pow'rs,
For we *sow* in our "touching" and must *reap*
What will fill us with joy, or make us *weep*.

Thus we thought and pray'd far out on the sea,
And worshipped our God afar from Pelee,
Who raged in fury and blew off her head,
While we far away, in our safety sped.

The Merciful hand, of our merciful God,
In chosen pathway, our footsteps had led,



TRAIN FOR SPANISHTOWN.

While a St. Vincent vessel, approach'ng that strand
Was not even permitt'd to touch the land.

On Tuesday morning we slowly swing round,
Famous Port Royal, on historic ground,
And steam into Kingston's capacious bay,
Run close to the pier, and at anchor lay.

We mount the train, and rattle away down
To that stupid old place, call'd "Spanishtown,"
We felt very glad it was not very far,
As we never enjoy, a third class car.

We returned to lunch, at "The Myrtle Bank,"
And again had our friend, Frank Clark to thank,
For a long jolly ride, by trolley line,
To "Hotel Constant Spring," which is very fine.

At night Captain Wettin, officer as good,
As any man sailing, on Ocean flood,
Honor'd Kaiser's Birthday, by a great Feast,
Two hours long, champagne, and the best.

Next morning the sea, had a kindly smile,
And we rounded Jamaica's, lovely isle,
To a fruit place called Port Antonio,
Where bananas are sent up North you know.

We found this place, the most winning and fair,
That we had encountered anywhere,
Such tropical foliage, meeting our eyes,
As filled us with new and glad surprise.

A half hour's ride, from the lovely Hotel,
Bore us up to the crest, of the leafy hill,
And we saw such jungle and tropical sight,
As filled our hearts with nameless delight.

The negroes, too, both the great and the small,
Gave welcome surprise, by *not begging at all*,
The American Company, gave them work,
And they shew'd no sign of, desire to shirk.

After hot, restless night, we sought the breeze,
And far in the South, saw a thing to please,
We could not mistake, The Southern cross true,
And we now share the Muse's flight with you.

Blaz'd on the Southern sky,
Mid burning world on high,
The beacon stands;



CAPITOL, SPANISHTOWN, RODNEY'S MONUMENT.

Proclaiming love Divine,
O'er ev'ry realm to shine,
O'er outstretch'd lands.

The awful signal there,
Poised in the upper air,
Tells its glad tale;

Of Him who chose to die,
Our souls to lift on high,
From death's dark vale.

He did not grudge the cost,
Regarding but the lost,
And stretch'd Him there;
Sin's penalty to pay,
Sin's curse to bear away,
To make us fair.

Triumphant Son of God!
We would the lesson read,
Afresh this hour;
Make evil die within,
Renew and keep us clean,
Reveal Thy power.

At dawn we reach'd mouth of that famous bay,
Where Sampson's great fleet, when blockading lay,
Where Cervera's fleet, was driven ashore,
To threaten our coastwise cities no more.

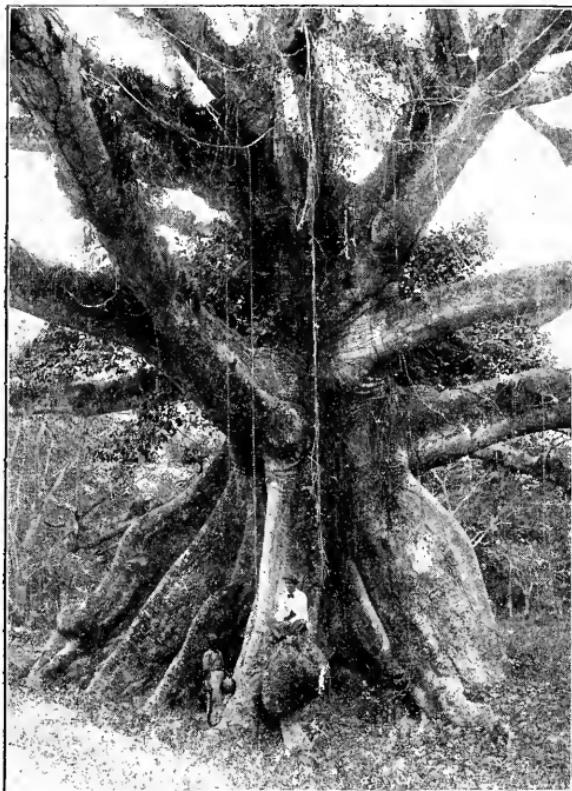
We recalled with delight, that glad bright hour
When cruel Spain felt Columbia's power,
And when noble Philip, tenderly plead,
For the dying foe, who helplessly bled.

'Neath "The Stars and Stripes," grim Morro smiled,
And with Yankee hurrahs, our way beguiled,
As majestic Theresa, pick'd her way,
By crooked path to Santiago Bay.

CHURCH AT EL CANEY (where 1,000 Spanish were captured.)



Of course we visited the battle field,
Where the Spanish army, was forc'd to yield,
And we lingered beneath "The Tree of Peace,"
Whence the orders issued, that strife should cease.



CEIBA (SILK COTTON) TREE, JAMAICA.

We thought of "our Teddy," and heroes grand,
Who brought such relief, to this tortured land,
And we gave for our soldiers, a lusty shout,
Who the cruel Spaniard, had driven out.

We stood on the Block-House, on San Juan Hill,
And again the valleys, with Blue Coats fill,
And the cannon roar, and the rifles flash,
As the gallant Boys make their famous dash.

The scene changes now, the whole thing is o'er,
The foe has vanished, to fight us no more,
And the lonely grave, on the steep hillside,
Is the only thing, that will always abide.

And yet these brave deeds, can ne'er be forgot,
Others will visit, this wild wind swept spot,
And drink the spirit, that led men to die,
That Liberty's banner, might float on high.

Round "Pearl of Antilles" we take our way,
Glancing at wrecks, when well out of the Bay,
And a cooler night afforded some rest,
As "The Windward Passage" we bravely breast.

Next day to have, some quite innocent fun,
"A bachelor's trial," was gravely begun,
Judge Vernon, as many as *eight* arraign'd,
And a jury of ladies was quickly obtain'd.

Dr. Eaton strongly push'd "indictment,"
Gen'l Atkinson defend'd 'mid excitement,
Witnesses swore to most damaging facts,
The culprits trembled, in view of their acts.

That ladies had given them, ev'ry chance,
Was plainly apparent, at single glance,
One gigantic brother, quite in despair,
Had wholly neglected "The Ladies Fair."

The whole trouble rose, 'twas plain as your nose,
The slippery rogues, would not propose,
And sweet smiles, and sighs, and tender caress,
Were wasted—by those whom their lives would bless.

The jury brought them in, "Guilty," of course,
Recommending mercy, rather than force,



BANYAN TREE, JAMAICA.

And the judge allow'd them "Three days of grace,"
Or "Overboard go, at a headlong pace."

We reached Havana, at hour of noon,
And as many thought, not any too soon,
To take in the sights, and hie away,
At nine in the morning, of the next day.

Morro Castle floated Cuban Flag fair,
With "The Stars and Stripes," high up in the air.
And we dropped anchor, near wreck of the Maine,
Which clear'd America, of dastardly Spain.

We had a fine drive, by the battlement,
Saw the elegant, "Firemens Monument,"
University, work of Gen. Wood,
Were cheered by students, in hearty mood.

We saw the fine plant, of the M. E. South,
A manifest work, of very great worth,
The Baptist Bible Depository, too,
Scattering God's word, the whole island thro'.

Havana was wonderful sweet, and clean,
With business enterprise, ev'ry where seen,
And the substantial work, of Brooks and Wood,
Was greatly admir'd, as thoroughly good.

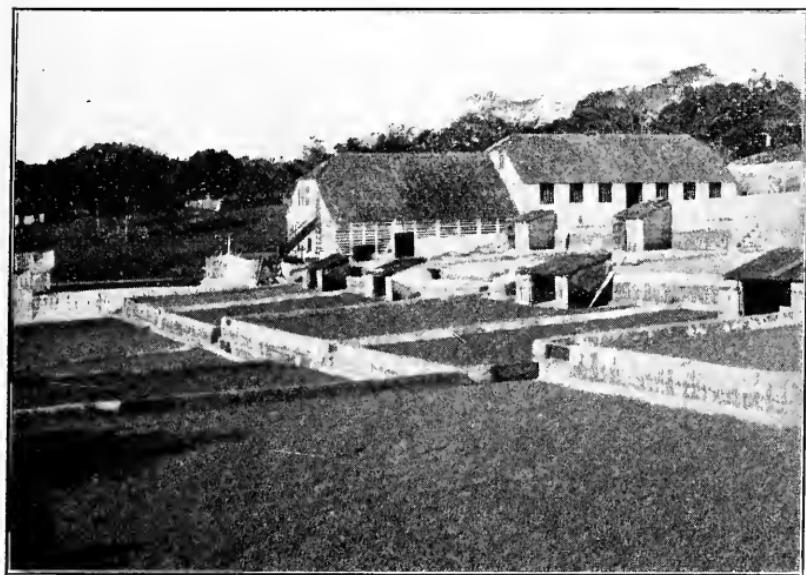
And now we gather, to worship on deck,
As Cuba fades into, a tiny speck.
Good Doctor Morrow, proved out of the Word,
That man's higher life, must come from his God.

This service too, with its hymns and prayer,
Warmed all our hearts, in devotion rare,
We will not forget, those services *three*,
When one church, we sought God, far out at sea.

They gave us all, a foretaste of Heaven,
Where they only *adore*, for sins forgiv'n.
No sect, no division, no wicked pride,
All supremely glad, at the Saviour's side.

As we speeded North, under cooler skies,
A thing occurred, which occasion'd surprise;
A flying fish joined, the party in sport,
By leaping right into, an open port.

He flapped his delight, on the cabin floor,
Then wearily halted, to flap no more,



DRYING COFFEE, JAMAICA.

Poor Fellow! he failed, the precept to keep,
Just "Be sure that *look*, before you leap."

It is dangerous work, stealing a ride,
You may get punish'd and killed beside,
This fish adventurous, soared too high,
Lost life, and was served, for a breakfast fry.

With the morn, the Bahamas on us smile,
And New Providence woos us, lovely isle!
We slowly halt, before Nassau, and feel,
For water sufficient to float our keel.

The Tender carries us, safe to the shore,
And some sixty land, to come back no more,



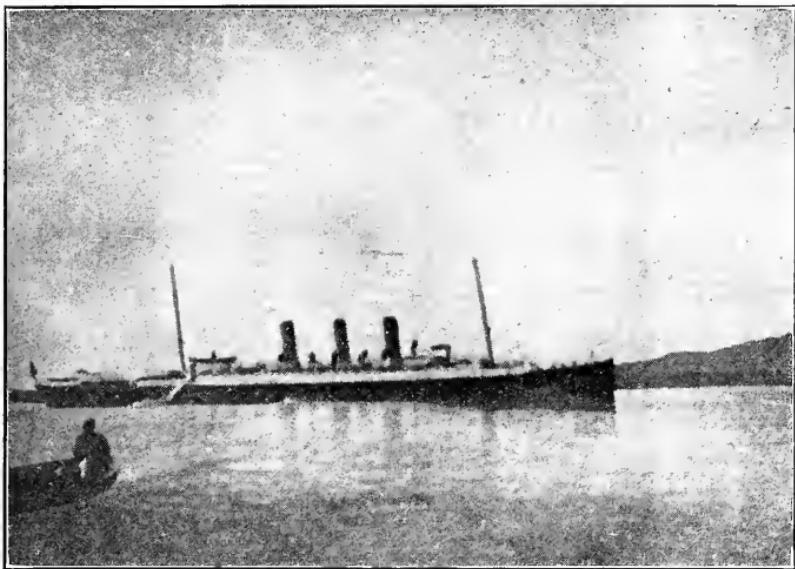
THATCHED ROOF, HOPE GARDENS.

They shrink to plunge, into winter again,
Till the snow and sleet, are warm summer rain.

“The Colonial” grand, with spacious hall,
Spreads a splendid luncheon, at once for all,
We saw nothing anywhere, half so fine,
And it certainly made our faces shine.

The very best cuisine, found anywhere,
And a gentle politeness, exceedingly rare,
And flowers and gardens and palms galore,
Stretch'd closely along a ravishing shore.

All round so dainty, and spacious, and nice,
We seem'd to have landed in Paradise,



THE KAISERIN, PORT ANTONIO.

And we strolled cool halls, and loung'd at ease,
And delighted our eyes, with the bluest of seas.

At seven the Kaiserin, took her way
At a rattling pace, for New York Bay,
We had used three boilers, so far through,
But the fourth was now fir'd to drive the screw.

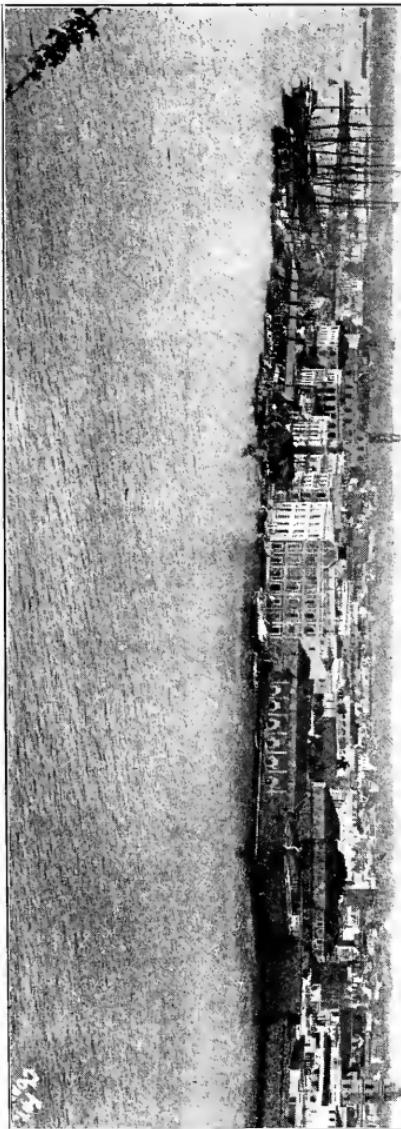
L. of C.

The captain pushed her with might and main,
For she had to go out, so soon again,
To bear a Clark Party, four hundred or more,
To linger on Mediterranean shore.



JOSE MARTI MONUMENT, SAN JUAN HILL.

She reach'd her wharf, exactly on time,
And in winter garments, all hurried home,
And "The Cruise," became a *memory fair*,
With some of its record, in amber here.



HAVANA.

We wrote this rhyme, a small circle to please,
Each day it grew bigger, with perfect ease,
It was never meant for critical eyes,
Nor for those, who a merry verse despise.

But for friendly hearts, ashore or on ship,
Who find it a pleasant potion to sip,



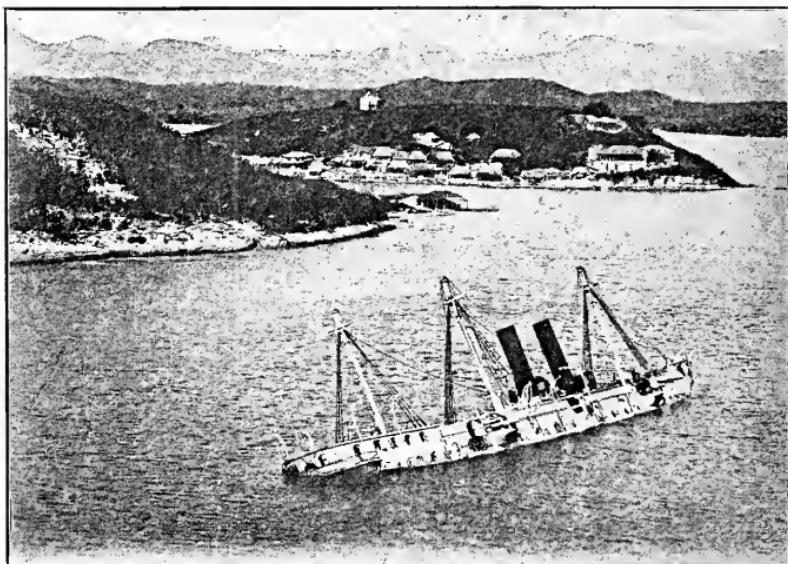
TREE OF PEACE, SANTIAGO.

As it briefly calls up, the things now past,
Whose only fault being, "too bright to last."

We hardly expect, to all meet below,
But some friendships won, a permanent glow,
We saw eye to eye, and soul touched soul,
Such love is not bounded, by ocean's roll.

So safely arrived, at home at last,
We joyfully offer "Our Parting Toast,"
"Here's to bonny Marie, spacious and free,
Bringing us safely, West Indies to see.

"Here's to Captain Wettin, best of his kind,
With a sunny smile, and sagacious mind,



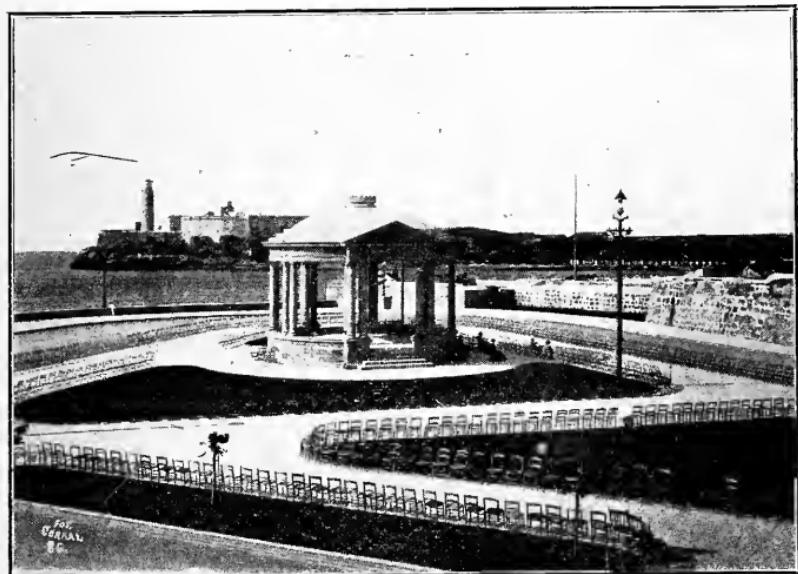
MORRO CASTLE, FROM PT. CORRALL.

Here's to our Frank Clark, and his helpful three,
More faithful fellows, you never will see.

"Here's to steady Old Tradewind, noble breeze!
That cooled and track'd us, o'er tropic seas.
Here's to "Our Ladies," gentle and fair,
Resourceful, and soulful, and debonair.

And here's to us all, a jolly good crowd,
May we strike one like it, when next aboard.
And here's Gentle Reader! to you and me,
When Frank Clark invites us, to Norway Sea.

The Land of fiords, mountains, glaciers bold,
Where you see the ice, but suffer no cold,



MORRO CASTLE, FROM PT. CORROLL.

With summer snow solid beneath your feet,
You have no hot cabin or prickly heat.

There may we cement a dear friendship whole,
That glories in stretching from Tropic to Pole,
Defying Time's tooth, and from crumbling free,
And enduring through all Eternity.

On January 15, 1903, at 11 A. M., we were all on board the good ship Kaiserin Maria Theresia, of the North German Lloyd line, and starting for a tour of the West Indies, under the personal conduct of Mr. Frank C. Clark, of New York. There were 266 of us.

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE SHIP.

Captain—P. Wettin.
First Officer—C. Hagemeyer.
Second Officer—H. Hashagen.
Second Officer—E. Tonne.
Third Officer—O. Scheidling.
Fourth Officer—F. Schenk.
Physician—Dr. G. Ludeke.
Chief Steward—F. Hillebrand.

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

Abbe, A. N., New Britain, Conn.
Abbe, Mrs., New Britain, Conn.
Adams, H. L., Chicago, Ill.
Adkins, Mrs. Wm. G., Chicago, Ill.
Asman, William, Marysville, Ohio.
Atkinson, Gen. W. E., Little Rock, Ark.

Baker, Mrs. Henry B., New York, N. Y.
Baldwin, Dwight M., Red Wing Minn.



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

Baldwin, Mrs., Red Wing, Minn.
 Bamford, Joseph, Jr., Patterson, N. J.
 Bamford, Mrs., Patterson, N. J.
 Bamford, Miss Victoria., Patterson, N. J.
 Barbour, Miss Ruby L., Rockford, Ill.
 Bard, Miss Beryl, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Barnes, Mrs. W. F., Rockford, Ill.



ZULUETA AVENUE, HAVANA.

Barrett, Thomas, Salamanca, N. Y.
 Barry, Napoleon B., Hoboken, N. J.
 Bartels, Dr. H. W. F., Wooddale, Ill.
 Bartels, Mrs., Wooddale, Ill.
 Barthmaier, H., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Barton, N. B., Providence, R. I.
 Bayly, Charles, Denver, Col.
 Bayly, Mrs., Denver, Col.

Bellows, Edwin, Chicago, Ill.
Berger, Rev. Martin Luther, D. D., Cleveland, O.
Boynton, Mrs. C. D., Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Boynton, Mrs. C. O., Sycamore, Ill.
Bradley, William, New York, N. Y.
Bradley, Mrs., New York, N. Y.
Brower, Dr. D. R., Chicago, Ill.



COURT OF PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA.

Brower, Mrs., Chicago, Ill.
Brockman, Mrs. E. W., Killingly, Conn.
Brown, B. F., Lexington, Mass.
Brown, Mrs., Lexington, Mass.
Bruner, L. J., Philadelphia, Pa.
Buckhout, Frank A., Providence, R. I.
Buckhout, Miss Ruby, Providence, R. I.
Butler, Mrs. Ada G., Ripley, Tenn.

Butler, Obadiah, New Bedford, Mass.

Campbell, F. A., New York.

Campbell, Mrs. F. A., Worcester, England.

Carter, Abraham, Chester, Pa.

Carter, C. S., Port Colborne, Ontario.

Carter, Mrs., Port Colborne, Ontario.



INDIAN MONUMENT, HAVANA.

Chalifaux, J. L., Lowell, Mass.

Clark, Frank C., 111 Broadway, New York.

Clarke, George S., Milton, N. Y.

Clarke, Mrs., Milton, N. Y.

Clorite, M. A., Fall River, Mass.

Clorite, Mrs., Fall River, Mass.

Coates, A. B., Clifftondale, Mass.

Cochrane, L. E., Youngstown, O.

Cochrane, Mrs., Youngstown, O.
Commerford, A. B., Newport, R. I.
Compton, Rev. T. N., D. D., Madisonville, Ky.
Conger, Pres. J. W., D.D., Arkadelphia, Ark.
Cornish, W. T., Atlanta, N. Y.
Cosgrove, Rev. P., Smithport, Pa.
Cowdrey, DeWitt C., Passaic, N. J.
Crosby, Miss Nellie L., Auburn, Me.

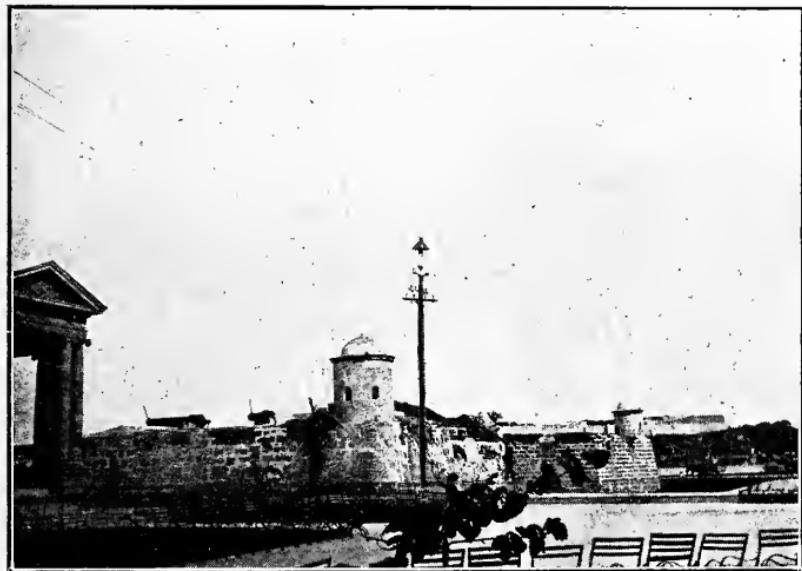
Davis, Z. B., New Bedford, Mass.
Deems, E. A., Washington, Pa.
Deems, E. R., Washington, Pa.
Doncette, E. L., Newport, R. I.
Doncette, Mrs., Newport, R. I.
Dunn, Mrs. J. W., Chicago, Ill.
Dunn, Miss Isabella, Chicago, Ill.

Eaton, Rev. T. T., D.D. LL.D., Louisville, Ky.
Elliott, J. M., Los Angeles, Cal.
Elliott, Miss Mary Belle, Los Angeles, Cal.
Elliott, Master Robert P., Los Angeles, Cal.
Evans, Ellwood, Haddonfield, N. J.

Faber, Dr. P. J., Chicago, Ill.
Fallert, Bert, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fitzsimmons, Mrs. Charles, Chicago, Ill.
Floos, Miss.

Galland, Julius, Spokane, Washington.
Gardner, Mrs. Virginia M., Martin, Tenn.
Gardner, John M., Martin, Tenn.
Gardner, S. P. Haverhill, Mass.
Geer, William C., Troy, N. Y.

Gibbs, John T., Norfolk, Va.
Gifford, Miss Helen, New Bedford, Mass.
Goodwin, Henry, Boston, Mass.
Goodwin, Mrs., Boston, Mass.
Greene, Edward M., Lewistown, Pa.
Gross, Alfred H., Evanston, Ill.
Gross, E. Tudor, Providence, R. I.



LA PUNTA, HAVANA.

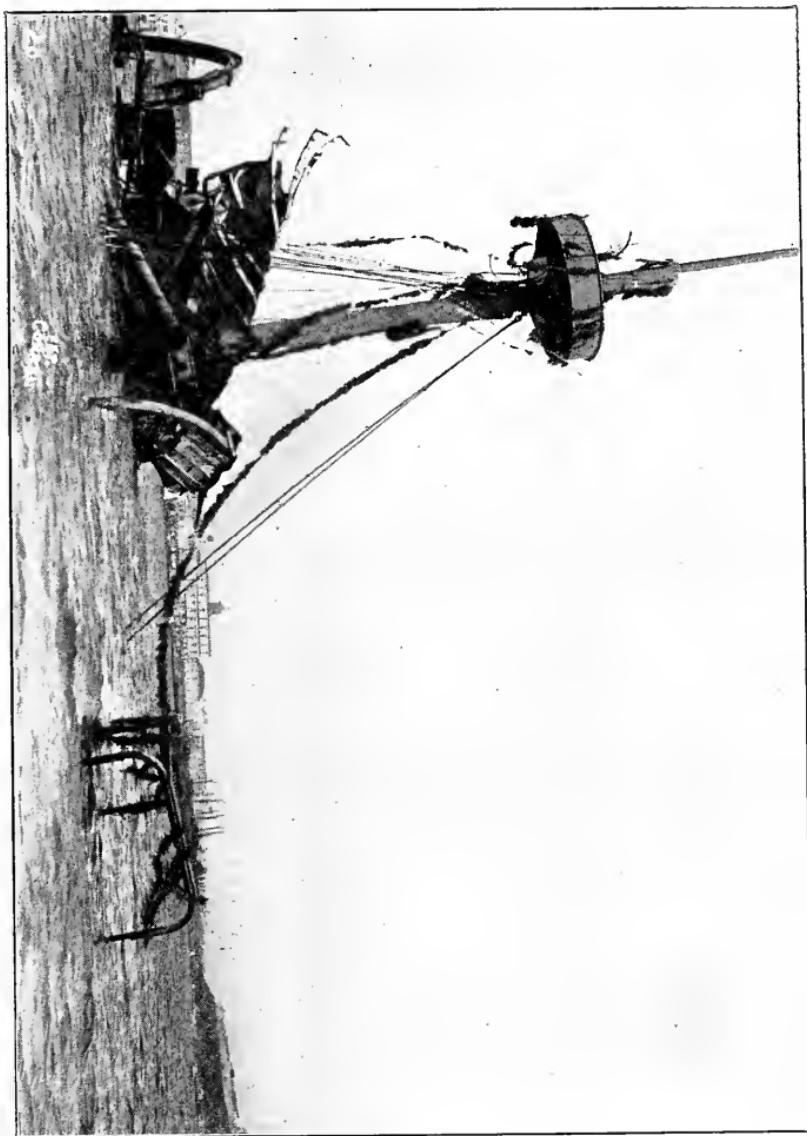
Gross, George L., Providence, R. I.
Guilford, H. B., Rochester, N. Y.
Gutwillig, Alfred, New York, N. Y.

Haire, John T., Newport, R. I.
Haire, Joseph, Newport, R. I.
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Hardy, Miss Lilian L., Newport, R. I.
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Harvey, Paul M., Portsmouth, N. H.
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Haskell, Mrs., Jamaica Plains, N. Y.
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Hewitt, Henry C., Portsmouth, N. H.
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Hirtle, Miss May E., New York, N. Y.
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Hitch, Mrs., New Bedford, Mass.
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Hopkins, L. C., Atlanta, Ga.
Hopkins, Mrs., Atlanta, Ga.
Hubbard, Frederick A., Greenwich, Conn.
Hudson, Chester E., Lawrence, Mass.
Hughes, E. A., Fargo, N. Dakota.
Hughes, Mrs., Fargo, N. Dakota.
Hunter, Forrest, Harrisburg, Pa.
Hurst, Miss E. W.
Hyde, Frank S., Johnstown, Pa.

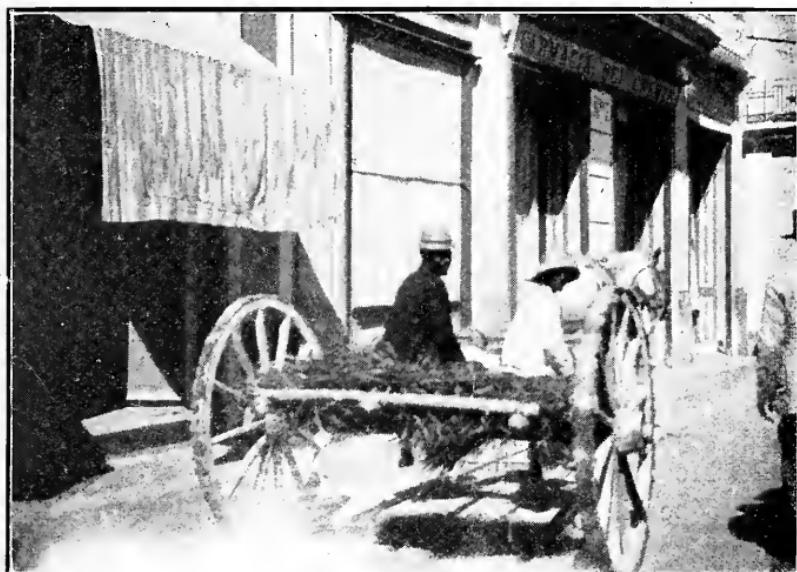
Jordan, Victor K., Hanover, Pa.
Jordan, Mrs., Hanover, Pa.
Jordan, W. F., Bangor, Pa.
Jordan, Mrs., Bangor, Pa.

Kaufman, Edward, New York, N. Y.
Kelley, Charles S., Jr., New Bedford, Mass.
Kelley, Mrs., New Bedford, Mass.



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Keppel, Mrs., New York, N. Y.
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Kinnard, H., Newark, N. J.
Knowlton, Mrs. J. L., Worcester, Mass.



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Lawrence, George W., Medford, Mass.
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Long, Mrs., Hamilton, O.
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Meek, Mrs., Fall River, Mass.
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Moorehead Mrs., Brownsville, Pa.
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O'Connor, Miss Kate, Rockford, Ill.
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Pagh, Mrs., New York, N. Y.
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Parsons, W. C., New York, N. Y.
Peck, Robert E., Cincinnati, O.
Penfield, P. S., Danbury, Conn.
Phillips, D. L., New York, N. Y.



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Pitman, W. H., New Bedford, Mass.
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Rew, Mrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Rew, Henry C., Evanston, Ill.
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Robb, Mrs., Aspinwall, Pa.
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Robbins, Mrs., San Francisco, Cal.
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Rose, Mrs., Newark, N. J.
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Russ, Mrs., Boston, Mass.
Russ, Miss Gladys, Boston, Mass.

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Saxton, Mrs., Bridgeport, Conn.
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Schaer, Mrs., Warren, R. I.
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Sherrerd, Mrs., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sibley, Linus, Worcester, Mass.
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Smith, A. P., New Bedford, Mass.
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Smith, Miss Florence, New Bedford, Mass.
Smith, E. B., Westfield, Mass.
Smith, H. Julius, Pompton Lakes, N. J.
Smith, Mrs., Pompton Lakes, N. J.

Smith, Henry L., New Bedford, Mass.
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Stearns, Henry F., Montreal, Quebec.
Stearns, W. B., Lockland, Ohio.
Stearns, Mrs., Lockland, Ohio.
Stearns, Master Kirk, Lockland, Ohio.
Stearns, H. A., Pawtucket, R. I.



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Stein, Mrs., New York, N. Y.
Stephenson, James C., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stevens, A. C., Hamilton, Ontario.
Stevens, H. B., Hamilton, Ontario.
Stevens, Dr. John C., Harrisburg, Pa.
Stoddard, Rev. Charles A., D.D., New York.

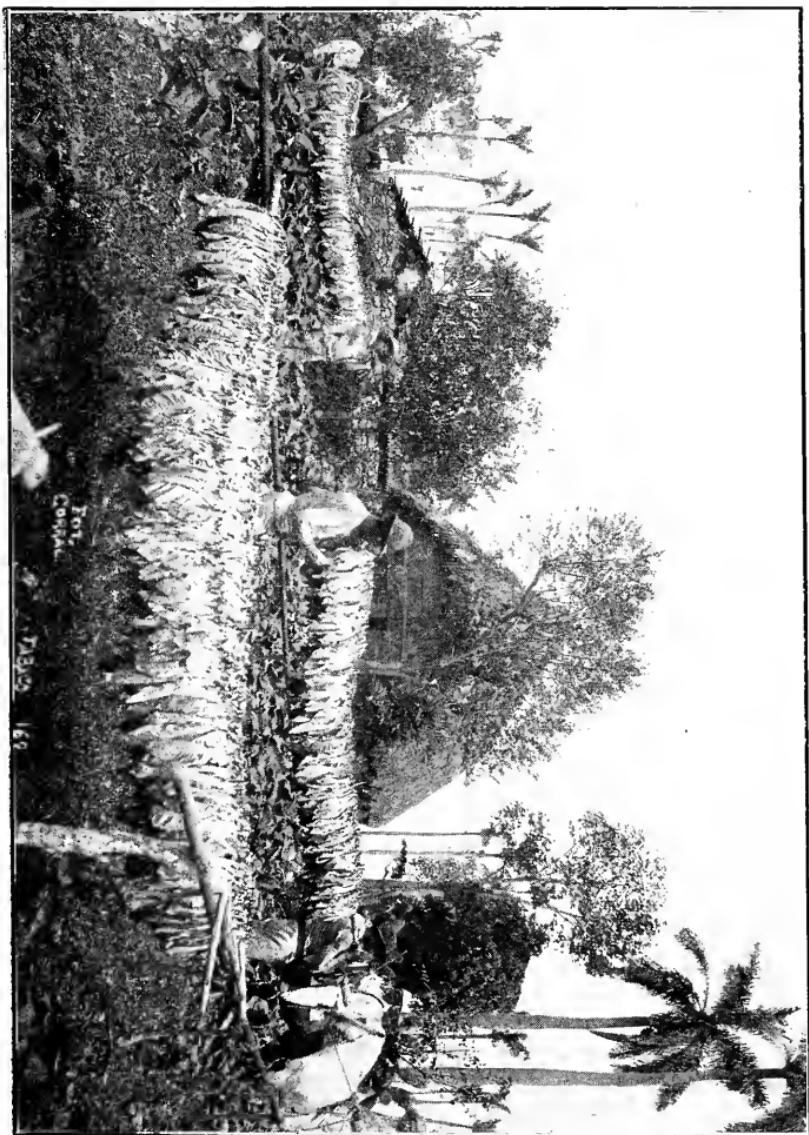
Stone, E. T., Mexico, N. Y.
Straub, George, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sylvia, Antonia, New Bedford, Mass.
Synnott, Thomas W., Wenonah, N. J.
Synnott, Mrs., Wenonah, N. J.

Taff, Mrs. Wilhelmina, Millington, N. J.
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Vernon, Col. George W., Baltimore, Md.
Vernon, Miss Anna D., Baltimore, Md.

Wagenhals, Dr. F. S., Columbus, O.
Wagenhals, Mrs., Columbus, O.

Waite, Miss Lucy, Chicago, Ill.
Wallace, Allen B., Summit, N. J.
Wallace, Mrs., Summit, N. J.
Ward, Edw. T., Newark, N. J.
Ward, Mrs., Newark, N. J.
Wardwell, John S., Rome, N. Y.
Watkins, George W., Scranton, Pa.
Watkins, Miss, Scranton, Pa.
Weber, John W., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Webster, Mrs. Louise, Chicago, Ill.
Wellaner, Jacob, Milwaukee, Wis.
Wessels, Edward J., East Orange, N. J.
Wessels, Mrs., East Orange, N. J.
Whitehouse, E. J., Irvington, N. Y.
Whitehouse, Mrs., Irvington, N. Y.
Whitehouse, J. Henry, New York, N. Y.
Whitehouse, Mrs., New York, N. Y.
Whitehouse, Miss, Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.



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Wilson, Mrs., Malden, Mass.
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Wood, Mrs., Newport, R. I.
Wood, George W., Toledo, O.
Wood, J. C.
Wolven, George C., Kingston, N. Y.
Wolven, Mrs., Kingston, N. Y.
Woodman, Edward, Portland, Me.
Woodman, Mrs., Portland, Me.
Woodman.
Wortman, Edw., New York, N. Y.
Wortman, Mrs., New York, N. Y.
Wright, Miss Constance, Irvington, N. Y.
Zweiffel, Willy, New York, N. Y.

[These addresses are made out from the list furnished from the office of Mr. Frank C. Clark, corrected by the names and addresses handed in of subscribers to the Souvenir volume. The list is as accurate as the data at my command will allow.—E.]



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